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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 168.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 20, 1907 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo **Mrs. W. H. Pawson** *Thomson*

A well-known patron of coursing, who is taking keen interest in the Waterloo Cup Meeting now in progress at Altcar. Her husband, Mr. W. H. Pawson, won the Cup in 1905 with Pistol II.

No. 168.—Vol. XIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Animal Artisans." By C. J. Cornish. (Longmans, Green: 6*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Sibyl of Bond Street." By G. de Vauriard. (Everett and Co.: 6*s.*)
"The House of Lords." By A. C. Fox-Davies. (John Lane: 1*s.* net.)
"A Hazardous Wooing." By James Blyth. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"Privy Seal." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"How to Speak Effectively." By C. Seymour. (Routledge: 3*s.* net.)
"The Spanish Necklace." By B. M. Croker. (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Memories of Ronald Love." By Marke Mann. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday February 20 1907

The latest excuse for Mr. Thaw's little indiscretion of last summer is that he was experiencing a "brain-storm." A psych-lone?

* * *

The attacks on the Opposition leader by the Tariff Reformers are causing some uneasiness to Ministers, who fear that, if they are continued, Mr. Balfour may decide to join the Liberal Party.

* * *

The magazine which was hopelessly wrecked last week at Woolwich was not, unhappily, one of the sixpenny monthlies.

* * *

A considerable portion of the *Daily Mail* will, we learn (subject to the requirements of the Art Editor), still be given over to letterpress.

* * *

Considering the state of last Tuesday's weather, it was exceedingly humorous of the Prime Minister to arrange that the Address should be seconded by Mr. Rainy.

* * *

Owing to the lateness of his arrival at the bar of the House, the new M.P. for N.E. Derbyshire was prevented from swearing the oath that evening. Happily, however, for the expression of his feelings, the prevention only operated inside the House.

* * *

In view of the recent cold weather, we were glad to note the humane order in the programme of the King's Procession:—

"Full dress *with* trousers."

* * *

The *Nation* is to be the title of Mr. Massingham's new weekly (formerly the *Speaker*). People are eagerly speculating as to which nation Mr. Massingham has it in mind, this time, to represent.

* * *

It does not seem probable that the threatened war between Nicaragua and Honduras will come to a head. There are no war correspondents out there.

* * *

The attempts to connect the spots on the sun with the spotted-fever epidemic can be treated for what they are worth.

Photo *Beresford*

One Man, One Garment

The "combination" suit, as worn by its inventor, Mr. Edgar Jepson, the well-known novelist. Its general adoption would be the first step towards that greatest of all human ideals—one man, one garment. (For information as to its use in the case of youth, see small boy on chair)

The Amir of Afghanistan has ordered a billiard table from a London firm. The game would appear likely to catch on in a country whose inhabitants (before the invention of khaki) showed such proficiency in potting the red.

* * *

The City man who, with the proceeds of certain successful operations on the Stock Exchange, bought a nice little place in the country and named it "Rosenfels," was, perhaps, an unconscious humorist.

* * *

Mr. Birrell fills one, personally, with a lively confidence in one's future. He is a living proof that great wit is not necessarily a bar to success in the world.

* * *

Those who love a hearty laugh should, while there is yet time, on no account miss seeing the delicious imitation of Mr. Tree now being given at His Majesty's by Mr. Tree.

* * *

A Conversational Tip, Gratis

"Nobody, in these days," writes an esteemed correspondent, "ever need be at a loss for a topic of general conversation. Here is a perfectly safe 'draw.' You think of two places in London, tolerably far apart, and begin in this fashion: 'Supposing I don't want to take a cab, what is my quickest way from Marylebone to Chancery Lane?' As you speak you glance inquiringly at A., who at once takes you up with, 'Walk to Baker Street and take two tubes.' 'No,' says B.; 'green 'bus to Piccadilly Circus, and *one* tube from there.' Then C. chips in cautiously. 'What's the matter with the old original s wer, Baker Street to Farringdon?' and is greeted with hoots of derision from D., who loudly plumps for motor-'bussing it all the way. 'No time lost,' says he, 'over lifts or stairs——' 'Or breakdowns, or skiddings, or similar trifles!' retorts C. And, in fact, in ten seconds everybody is talking hard, heedless of interruptions, defending his or her pet route, and refusing to see any merit in anyone else's. When the possibilities of one prospective journey are exhausted, another can be suggested, or the game can be slightly varied by asking 'How many different ways are there of getting from Hampton Court to Blackwall?"

A Few Comments on the Thaw Case

The Thaw trial, like the wounded snake, drags its slow length along, and there is no very apparent reason why it should not continue to do so indefinitely. Eight or nine days have been spent in choosing a jury and proving the case for the prosecution, for which in England three hours would have been ample time, two days on Mrs. Thaw's evidence, and several days more mostly on matters which are quite incomprehensible on this side of the Atlantic. At this rate the most that can be expected is a verdict about Easter, and, allowing reasonable time for the appeals and objections which are fashionable in America, a final settlement of the question somewhere about the year 1912.

Playing to the Whistle

But the amount of work done on most of these days has been very small, and the jury must have had rather an idle time. The course of procedure seems to be somewhat as follows: A witness is put into the box and answers one or two unimportant questions, but as soon as the examining counsel asks anything that has any real bearing on the case the other side promptly objects, and the Court adjourns for a few hours to look up the law, and, as a rule, eventually disallows the question. The greater part of the day is taken up with this kind of thing, and although it is impossible for the mere Britisher to understand most of the objections, it raises an uncomfortable suspicion in his mind that one side, if not both, are doing what in football language is called "playing to the whistle," *i.e.* breaking the rules whenever you get a chance, in the hope that you will have managed to snatch an unfair advantage before you are found out and hauled over the coals.

What is the Defence?

In the meantime we are left in the dark as to what Thaw's defence really is. Several doctors have been called to say that he is insane, but the little evidence that the prosecution have allowed them to give does not amount to much, and makes one inclined to regard them as cranks, of a type which is common enough in this country, men who really in their heart of hearts believe that the mere fact that a man has committed a serious crime is enough of itself to prove his madness. On the other hand, Mrs. Thaw's remarkable story, if the jury believe it, would furnish materials for an appeal to their passions and prejudices, and an attempt to induce them, at the risk of straining their oaths, to acquit Thaw because of their sympathy with the wrongs of his wife, and their detestation for the supposed villainies of the dead man.

District Attorney Jerome
The man who has in hand the case for the prosecution of Mr. Thaw—one of the most redoubtable lawyers in the United States. He is the uncle of Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.

Photo *Hamilton*

Is the Story True?

The most interesting, and perhaps the most important, part of the whole case will be the cross-examination of Mrs. Thaw, which will very likely have taken place before these lines appear in print. Is her story true or not? She seems to have given her evidence extremely well, and it is easy to understand the impression which it has produced, but there are one or two incidents in it—especially the story of the drugged wine—which have rather too familiar a sound. Out of every ten women who have to make open confession of misconduct anywhere but in the Divorce Court, at least five say that they have been drugged. It is a convenient line of defence, certainly, but not one that is likely to carry much conviction with the average man who knows anything of life.

An Interesting Situation

If the story is a mere invention, such as chorus girls have often put forward under similar circumstances in order to "save their face," the insanity defence would be strengthened; not merely because Thaw would then appear to be subject to delusions, but, looking at the matter from a practical point of view, because it would be difficult to imagine a sane man committing murder for the sake of such a woman. But if it is true, as the defence certainly appear to think, then there was the strongest motive for the murder, Thaw's action becomes perfectly rational, and he is left to an appeal to the jury and the evidence of the cranks. It is an interesting situation, and whatever happens the editors of the morning papers—or so many of them as are fortunate enough to survive till the end of the trial—will have no difficulty in filling their columns for a long time to come.

The Late Mr. Whiteley

With reference to a statement in a recent number of THE BYSTANDER to the effect that it was not the custom of the late Mr. W. Whiteley to receive or give references in respect of his employees, Mr. John Lawrie, the general manager, asks me to state that no house is more strict in this matter of references; and, further, that Mr. Whiteley for the last six years had taken no part in engaging the members of the staff. ED.

The Topictator

RACING NOTIONS

THE WATERLOO CUP, THE LINCOLN, AND THE GRAND NATIONAL HANDICAPS. BY "CARBINE"

Chances in the Handicaps

It has been suggested to me that a brief summary of the prospects for the Lincoln and Grand National would at this moment be welcomed by readers. I covered the ground when the weights for these races appeared, and little has happened since then to throw fresh light on the matter. True, spasmodic attempts have been made to open a "market" on the two handicaps, and the papers have religiously quoted the odds day by day; but nobody is foolish enough to suppose that the prices at the time of the races will be anything like those which are mentioned now. More especially does this apply to the Lincoln, and anyone who would back a horse for this race in the middle of February, knowing full well that trainers have not yet been able to gallop their charges, must indeed be venturesome to the point of recklessness. My advice to backers is to bide a wee. Wait to see how the horses progress in their training. Several stables have two or more candidates, and have not yet made up their minds as to which shall represent them in the race. It would be madness, for instance, to back Dean Swift while there is a probability of Prince William starting instead. Supporters of Kaffir Chief may find themselves frustrated at the last moment by Cyclops Too, while His Eminence's friends may be confronted by Major Beatty's eventual preference for Certosa. Personally, I would take Kaffir Chief out of the eight horses just mentioned, and I think he will be Chaloner's choice.

Red Lad and the National

In dealing with the Grand National we tread upon far surer ground than in the case of the Lincoln, because a number of the likely runners for the big steeplechase have been recently before us, affording some idea of their present form. For example, we had Red Lad at Windsor last week, which showed us that he, at least, is all right. At one time I was rather inclined to pass over Red Lad's prospects at Liverpool, for his weight has been substantially increased, and I thought him an exceedingly mean-looking, unprepossessing creature when he ran into second place last year. But "handsome is as handsome does." Good horses run in all shapes, and it is evidently no disadvantage to Red Lad that when he is fine drawn and hard trained he looks something like a bag of bones. At Windsor on Thursday he filled the eye far better than he did at Liverpool last year, but a rumour that he was "not out to-day" caused him to start at the extraordinary odds of 10 to 1. How much truth there was in the rumour was evidenced by his two lengths' victory from Barabbas. The last-named will meet Red Lad on better terms in the National, and at Windsor he took his fences smarter and cleaner than the winner. But a horse who has finished second in the Grand National cannot really have much wrong with his jumping, and probably the cause of Red Lad's slovenliness last week was his long absence from the racecourse.

Some Likely Doubles

After seeing Red Lad in such good fettle I am bound to take him on my side for the Grand National, and I don't think I can recommend a better horse for double events. At the present moment I like Aunt May and Wolf's Folly the best of the other Liverpool horses, and these will probably be my selection for the first three places on March 22, unless something happens in the interval to cause me to change my opinion. Regarding the Lincoln, it will be recalled that I called special attention to the chances of Lovania some weeks ago, and I am glad to hear the filly very well spoken of in Newmarket, where, however, the great tip just now is His Eminence. But you can get twenty different tips from twenty people, and the wisest backer is he who knows how to discriminate between the good and the bad. Kaffir Chief, as I have said, is another fancy of mine, and must be worth backing if his stable shows a disposition later on to fancy him. I have been asked to mention some likely doubles, and the following is a selection:—

Kaffir Chief and Red Lad.
Lovania and Red Lad.
Kaffir Chief and Aunt May.
Lovania and Aunt May.

I estimate the chances of the four in the order in which they are written. Only one can come off, of course, but big prices should be obtainable, especially about the two last-named.

This Week's Selections

The outlook for cross-country racing is bright just now, for there should be good sport at Newbury on Friday and Saturday, and the Grand Military Meeting next week looks like being very successful, with an unexpected attraction in the shape of the King's 'chaser Flaxman. In the Weyhill Steeplechase on Friday **Red Lad** will encounter stronger opposition than at Windsor, but looks like winning, while **Cinders** is my selection for the Spring Hurdle Race. On the following day Hartigan should win the Newbury Steeplechase, probably with **Domino.** I have been asked to express an opinion on the chances of the Waterloo Cup. My information is that **San Francisco** is the best thing, and Flag of the Free may be taken as runner-up.

"Carbine's" Selections: An Omission

By a most regrettable oversight "Carbine's" Selections for Lingfield, the Royal Steeplechase at Windsor, and for the February Hurdle Race were omitted from "Racing Notions" last week. As I know that these selections are watched with great interest by many thousands of readers, I think it is only fair to "Carbine" to mention that for the Royal Steeplechase at Windsor last Thursday he foretold the Grand National candidate, Red Lad, who won the race at 10 to 1.—EDITOR.

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King at a Concert

The King welcomes an occasional opportunity of dispensing with the pomp and circumstance which of necessity surround so much of his progress in the world's pageant. One of these occurred last Thursday, when he dined informally with the Prince of Wales, who had made up a party for the smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which he is president and the King patron. So, while the Queen and her suite were listening to *Die Meistersinger* (said, by the way, to be the King's favourite opera) at Covent Garden, the King was on his way to Queen's Hall. The scene which presented itself to the Royal party as the King bowed his acknowledgments of the greeting was striking. In the space reserved were comfortable chairs and settees, with little smoking tables, decorated with flowers, here and there, facing the orchestra. The whole of the remainder of the body of the hall and the grand circle were filled with men in sombre evening dress, without the relief of the ladies' toilettes, the single spot of colour being the scarlet livery of an attendant footman at a side table. The King looked in the best of health—a happy, white-haired, courteous gentleman in plain evening dress. He bowed; he dropped into a comfortable arm-chair (an ordinary arm-chair—anyone might have sat in it); he selected a cigar (doubtless made of tobacco—others smoked them) from a box (evidently a wooden cigar-box) and lit it with a match (which did not even strike only on the box). And thus, without ceremony and formality, the entire company was free to listen to the good things Mr. Ernest Ford had prepared. During the interval the King chatted and laughed, with characteristic inclinations of the head to emphasise his words, with the Lord Mayor, Sir John Fisher, and others of the party, and the single formality of the evening, the signing of the minute-book of the Society, was gone through. "Edward, R. and I." one read, then "George P.," "Pembroke" (vice-president), and the other guests in turn.

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Northbrook

Who, on Tuesday, gave a "little season" dance, at her house in Portman Square, for her daughter, Miss Abercromby

* * *

The Lenten Season

The little season which invariably follows the opening of Parliament and precedes the flight to the South is, this year, without doubt a brilliant one. People have pretended that they were poor so long that they are now bored with that pose, and are pretending they are rich—which makes for entertainments, if also for debts. At Claridge's half the aristocracy of England seem to have taken up temporary quarters. At the Ritz, at the Carlton,

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Opening of Parliament

The Royal State coach approaching the entrance to the House on Tuesday the 12th inst., in very unfavourable weather

Boom-Burglary in Park Lane

and Prince's it lunches and sups and dines world without end, and in Bond Street it shops gaily every morning of its life.

* * *

Crowded Hours

It is a wonder, nevertheless, that one finds time or strength to dine or sup or shop at all. The world is going at such a feverish pace. The mere reading of one's morning paper requires so much comprehensive effort that our digestions can cope with the day's news only. No room is left for toast or bacon. Last week the opening of Parliament presaged the most crowded week of the year, so far. Doggy people bravely shivered for three days at the Agricultural Hall, where Cruft's Dog Show was in progress. Naval people held their breath at the obstreperousness of Lord Charles Beresford. Suffragists of all descriptions made themselves felt in more ways than one. The New Hebrides Convention proudly took the place of the Rand Horrors in the history of naughty political doings. The Thaw case, the Wertheimer burglary (on which I have something to say later), conscription, sun spots, the coal famine, these were just a few of the excitements of the week. No wonder rest-cures are becoming the fashionable excuse for cutting everything one doesn't want to go to. And no wonder, too, that private asylums are taking the place of hydros and the like.

Photo *Beresford*

Mr. Charles Wertheimer

The well-known dealer-collector, who, as the result of the burglary of his art treasures in Park Lane, becomes even better known

* * *

Art, Burglary, and Some Condolences

To the cynic observer the most amusing point about the theft of art treasures in Norfolk Street is the amazing amount of space devoted to it in the daily papers, and the vast quantity of rubbish that is talked about Mr. Charles Wertheimer's irreparable loss, his enthusiastic connoisseurship, and his devotion to art. Sir Joshua Reynolds's delightful "Mrs. Yorke" and Gainsborough's portrait of the notorious "Nancy Parsons," if destroyed, would, of course, be a great loss to art. But other examples of the workmanship of these masters would still remain, and I, for one, could name plenty of paintings by both Gainsborough and Reynolds that would better aid the education of future artists than these particular two. But then I do not think they will be lost to the world of art. Even if the clue of the scarlet berry and the other theories of a gifted police do not end in the capture of the thief, the pictures may be saved. What usually happens in these cases is for those interested to lie low for a considerable period, and then the canvases, somehow, find their way to America, and, one day, two stout-hearted men set out from Bond Street with bullion at their backs; and lo! a little while, and the lost art treasures return to the land of the dealers, and are again before the public at a considerably enhanced figure. The original frames, with the original edge of cut canvas, is used, and the boom is engineered to its ultimate victory. At the moment, the fashionable world, from the Earl of Rosebery to Lord Petre, is calling to express sympathy with Mr. Wertheimer—the names of these kindly great ones are in the papers, somehow or other, every morning.

Lord de Grey, even, becomes inspired with a knowledge of the universe, and says, "The whole world condoles with you." This is all very nice and polite, but one wonders why these outbursts of a reticent people? If a gentleman of fortune is done out of £100,000 by a racing *coup*, or has a large sum stolen from him by an accomplished company-promoter, the newspapers are not full of the telegraphed sympathy of his friends, and even of people unknown to him personally. No, the loser has to bite his loss, and bear the fortune the gods give. But when a well-known and extremely acute dealer finds that he has stored his goods in a place where thieves break through and steal, the boom is prodigious, and the condolences pour in.

Surely so experienced a dealer-collector as Mr. Charles Wertheimer would have done something to insure against this sad possibility; surely there is balm in Gilead yet and corn in Egypt. But even if the loss was anything like £50,000, a round figure I have often seen stated, the advertisement alone ought to be worth the money, for if this gentleman has lost thousands, are we not reminded that there are hundreds of thousands remaining? Lists of the beautiful things that cover the walls and fill the cases of this Park Lane "palace" are in all the papers. Ah, these modest collectors! When one sees their own accounts of their own property, I often wonder what the dealers buy one-half so precious as the goods they sell.

* * *

The Waterloo Cup

Coursing (which, by the way, is the subject of our really delightful coloured Supplement next week, which, I suggest, will make quite a decorative adjunct to a billiard-room) to the Southerner is a sport almost unknown, certainly seldom witnessed. Hence my extra particular joy in the aforesaid Supplement, which will give the man in the South

Mr. Wertheimer's Stolen Treasures

A French Miniature, attributed to Dumont

A Miniature, by Lawrence

A rose-enamelled oval snuff-box, with diamond press-button

The most sensational art robbery of recent years took place at the residence of Mr. Charles Wertheimer, the well-known connoisseur, at Norfolk Street, Park Lane, last week. The thieves succeeded in getting clear away with art treasures valued at upwards of £50,000, including Gainsborough's "Nancy Parsons" and Reynolds's "The Hon. Mrs. Charles Yorke," besides several valuable snuff-boxes and miniatures

Photo *Photo Press*

Mr. Wertheimer's House in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, from which the treasures were stolen

A gold-enamelled snuff-box, Louis XVI. period

A Portrait of "Nancy Parsons," by Gainsborough

"The Hon. Mrs. Charles Yorke," by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Suffragettes Open Their Season

Débutantes Awaiting Presentation at Court

After a brilliant gathering outside the House of Commons on Tuesday, the 12th inst., fifty-nine Suffragettes were presented at Court (before Mr. Curtis Bennett). Above is a group of the ladies awaiting admission

Photos

The Wit of the Crowd

Also assembled near by was a group of the other sex. Their attitude towards the cause can at once be read in their expressions. The gentleman in the centre (the wit of the crowd) has made some allusion, but exactly what it was our photographer did not catch

Bolak

Finis: The Black Maria

In which the "martyrs" among the fifty-nine proceeded, after the Court, to His Majesty's little place at Holloway

Tom Browne in America

at least a taste of the game while it is being played in the North. For coursing to the North-country man is the sport almost *par excellence*. And this week — to lovers of coursing — is the week of weeks, for it witnesses the race for the Waterloo Cup, universally known as the "Dog Derby." Last year, a popular victory was won by Hoprend, the property of Mr. H. Hardy, himself a Lancashire man, and the weather, an important factor, even at a coursing competition, was of the most magnificent description ever vouchsafed to a February meeting. The National Coursing Club, which holds its meeting on Lord Sefton's land at Altcar, met yesterday in Liverpool to discuss the appointment of a new president. At the time of writing, the result of the election cannot, therefore, be told, but it is very probable that the Earl of Sefton will be re-elected in that capacity. Lord Sefton, as befits a great English landlord (he owns some thirty-four thousand acres of English land), takes the keenest possible interest in sport of all kinds, and coursing in particular, and, as will be seen in our illustration, is not alone in his interest, for Lady Sefton, who is a daughter of the Earl of Bradford, is also a constant attendant, generally on horseback, at the coursing meetings. Lord Sefton, who succeeded his brother in the title in 1901, is Master of the Horse, and derives much of his wealth from his Toxteth Park estate, which is entirely urban, in the city of Liverpool, and which is, consequently, of enormous value.

More Patrons of the Sport

Lord Enniskillen, a supporter of the sport in Ireland, Viscount Peel, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pawson (the lady is the subject of our frontispiece, and is, with her husband, a very well-known and popular North-country sportswoman), Captain and Mrs. Featherstonehaugh, and the Duke of Leeds are among the most distinguished of the supporters of coursing in England. The Duke of Leeds, of course, is a sportsman of the first degree. His recent election as Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in succession to the Marquess of Ormonde, has met with universal approval, for he is an inveterate yachtsman. For several years he hunted the Bedale, and, as a younger man, as Marquis of Carmarthen, he sat in the House of Commons as Member for Brixton. As a politician, however, he would seem to have no desire to shine at present, which is rather a pity, as he has proved himself to have the —at any rate, to a politician—useful gift of repartee. Both the Duke and Duchess are now at their favourite retreat — Bordighera — where they have a delightful villa. Her Grace, who was Lady Katherine Lambton, a daughter of the second Earl of Durham, is one of those aspiring ladies who have lent ducal prestige to the profession of literature. Both novels and poems have come from her pen, and her "Capriccios" and "Lover of the Beautiful" may still be remembered.

A BRITISH ARTIST'S TRANSATLANTIC IMPRESSIONS

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE." AS SEEN IN A TENDERLOIN GAMBLING CLUB

BY TOM BROWNE

Recent Winners of the Waterloo Cup

1902: Mr. G. F. Fawcett's Farndon Ferry

Who beat Mr. W. Ward's Wartnaby in the final

1903: Messrs. Fawcett's Father Flint (Mr. J. H. Bibby's nom nation)

Who beat Mr. L. Pilkington's Paracelsus

1904: Mr. E. Herbert's Homfray

Who beat Mr. H. T. Michael's Minchmuir

1905: Mr. W. H. Pawson's Pistol II.

Who beat Mr. L. Pilkington's Prince Plausible

1906: Mr. H. Hardy's Hoprend

Who, last year, beat Mr. S. Death's Dividend Deferred after some of the finest trials ever seen at this meeting. This was the second Waterloo Cup in which Hoprend had taken part, although his previous record had not been particularly remarkable

Celebrities in the Coursing World

(1) Mr. W. H. Pawson and his dog, Pistol II., who won the Waterloo Cup in 1905

(2) Captain and Mrs. Featherstonehaugh and Lord Hamilton of Dalzell (on the right)

(3) The Countess of Sefton

(4) The Earl of Sefton (President of the National Coursing Club) and the Earl of Enniskillen

(5) Reading left to right: Mr. J. H. Bibby, Mr. G. F. Fawcett, and the Duke of Leeds

THE WATERLOO CUP MEETING OPENS TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) AT ALTCAR

The Transvaal's "Charter of Freedom"

The Transvaal Situation

If anything were needed to remind us that South Africa, for the next few months, is to be the centre of Imperial thought, we have that reminder in the exhibition of South African products which the King, accompanied by the Queen, will open on Saturday. By this exhibition, in which a comprehensive display of the sub-continent's resources is to be put before us, it is hoped that the industrial development of the country will be brought before us even more forcibly

Photo *Brittain*

Present-Day Johannesburg: The Market Place

The huge industrial and mining capital of the Transvaal will loom very largely in the public eye during the next few months, owing to the fact that the country will soon possess a responsible government, and also in connection with the coming Colonial Conference and the exhibition, on Saturday, the 23rd inst., of South African products, which is being opened by the King and Queen

than heretofore. Indeed, a more opportune moment for such an exhibition could hardly have been selected. A new chapter is opening in South African history. The coming Colonial Conference bids fair, at least, to keep Mr. Churchill busy; while the institution of the new Transvaal Constitution—which becomes during this Session an accomplished fact—will bring South Africa once again, socially, politically, and financially, much to the fore. Meantime, the result of the Transvaal elections cannot be long delayed. The capitalists, it is from experience certain, will come out of them with advantage to themselves, if to no one else; and the lip-loyalty of the Boer leaders, of which we have heard so much, will at last have a chance of proving itself.

After the Elections

Meanwhile, too, a good start has been made in the responsible government of the Transvaal by a fairly complete *volte face* on the part of those who would have voice therein. At Pretoria it is generally expected that Het Volk will win at the polls. If this expectation is realised, then the changing sides of Sir Richard Solomon at so critical a moment was nothing if not extremely slim. And the expected result of the election may also account for the fact that Mr. Smuts, after wildly denouncing for months the introduction of Chinese labour as an outrage, has now declared himself on the side of the Imperial Government, intimating that while the Chinese must go, yet not wishing to cripple the mining industry, he is willing to re-enact the Labour Ordinance until the native labour supply is sufficient! Of course, from the British point of view, the most desirable thing that could happen would be that both Sir Richard Solomon and Mr. Smuts should be defeated at the elections. Anyway, it is amusing, in view of recent denunciations and disclosures, to note that they intend to deal tenderly and tardily with the Chinese policy.

Monaco's Disdainful Monarch

The Prince of Monaco

Lent is with us—the season of fasting and repentance is at hand, but at Monte Carlo, where the season of pleasure—such as it is—is at its giddiest height, there is little sign of self-denial of any kind. Instead, the gardens are looking their loveliest and greenest, the flower-beds of lilac and forget-me-not, of primulas and azaleas, and pink roses, are a mass of colour, blazing beauty, and effrontery, and so, be it whispered, are some of the lady visitors. The Prince of Monaco has arrived in his tiny Principality, and is to be seen sometimes in his box at the Opera, though never, of course, on the Terrace or in the Casino. He is, I am told, more solemn, more serious, and more pious-looking than ever. Having lately been in Glasgow, where he lectured on the Meteorological Exploration of the High Atmosphere, which, together with the study of oceanography, is his chief hobby, he naturally looks with a more disdainful eye than ver on the acknowledged and only source of his wealth—the gambling and pigeon-shooting nd *demi-monde* of Monte Carlo. veryone, of course, is aware that is from the Casino in Monte Carlo that the Prince draws his nple resources. In 1898, when ie gambling concession to the asino Company was renewed, he ceived £400,000 in cash, an nual salary of £100,000, the romise of a further £600,000 in 914 when the present concession pires, and the undertaking of e Casino Company to spend five illions of francs a year on the rks of the port of Monaco, and ther sums for improvements, ublic works, charities, and so rth. This, as a contemporary as already remarked, is not bad usiness for a man who does not pprove of gambling; but then the Grimaldis were never a people to get the worst of a bargain.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Prince of Monaco

Who, though the Monte Carlo gaming tables are the source of his income, is never to be seen either in the Casino or on the Terrace there. His chief hobby is oceanography, and he is also a great deer-stalker

* * *

His Affairs

It is only in accordance with the usual contrariness of fate that personal notoriety has reached the Prince of Monaco, chiefly through the divorce courts. His life, apart from his matrimonial affairs, has been that of a monk confess'd. In 1869 he married the Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton, and his son by this marriage is the present heir-apparent. In 1880 the marriage was cancelled. The divorced Princess married Count Tassilo Festetics, a Hungarian nobleman and sportsman, and the Prince, in 1889, married the widow of the Duc de Richelieu, a Jewess and the grand-daughter of the German poet Heine. This marriage lasted scarcely more than two years, and was annulled five years ago in May, and since then the Prince, as well he may, has eschewed the married state. The Principality of Monaco covers an area of four square miles, consists of a rocky promontory, a narrow strip of coast, and a population of some 15,000 people. A large part of this population is employed at the Casino, but the natives are strictly forbidden by Princely edict to gamble at the tables. Deer-stalking should, perhaps, be added to the Prince's hobbies. He is a friend of the Kaiser and of the King of Portugal, and goes each year to the Bavarian Court to shoot chamois in the Tyrolean Highlands.

* * *

Monte Carlo v. Madeira

Talking of Casinos, at Madeira an English company hopes to get a concession from the Portuguese Government for which, for the right of building and running a Casino, they have agreed not only to pay a considerable sum yearly, but also to build and support a hospital in Madeira. Should the scheme materialise, there is little doubt but that Madeira will soon become a fashionable and much-patronised winter resort, for its climate is far more equable than that of the Riviera. At present several well-known people are staying there, including Lord Erne, Capt. George Crichton, the Earl and Countess of Guilford, and many others.

* * *

A Green Isle Set in the Sea

One of the fascinations of this fascinating island is its exquisite, brilliant, almost Irish, verdance. It is, indeed, set like an emerald in the midst of the sea, for here palm trees and banana trees, and a luxuriant tropical vegetation, accompany green fields, and a temperature which, night or day, winter or summer, is always temperate and delightful. At present, however, Maderia offers little in the way of diversion. The chief, in fact the only, amusement at Funchal is the tobogganing, while in the Canaries, at Las Palmas, and at Orotava, there are golf links and a cricket club. At Funchal, as every visitor to Madeira knows, the only thing to do is to walk or drive in the oxen-drawn carriages up the steep, narrow way to Monte. From there one toboggans down the cobble-paved streets into the town in basket-work sleighs on metal runners, and an idea of the speed usually obtained may be gauged by the fact that, though it takes a good half-hour to get up to Monte, it takes barely five minutes to get down again into Funchal.

A Green Island Set in the Sea

Funchal, the Capital and Chief Seaport of Madeira: British warship firing a salute

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

A Luscious Madeira Vinery

Madeira now bids fair more than ever to rival the Riviera as a winter resort. Not alone because of its beautiful scenery, its equable air and temperature, but because a Casino is at last definitely to be established, a British Company having gained the needed concession from the Portuguese Government

Moving About in Madeira

A ride in a hammock, before or after taking a siesta therein, is a pleasant sensation——

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

——But to toboggan down the narrow, cobble-paved way into Funchal, from the height above, in one of the numerous basket-work sleighs (on metal runners), drawn by oxen, is downright exciting, as the chances of collision with passing objects—a string of mules, dogs, children, or other paraphernalia—are considerable

WASHINGTON AND MR. BRYCE: A PROTEST

An Imported Gamaliel

On Wednesday last, by the good ship *Oceanic*, the Right Hon. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, after a considerable period of saying good-bye and political speech-making, departed for America, and by now should have planted their feet on the soil of the New World. Of course, we wish Mr. Bryce every success and happiness in his new and very unfamiliar rôle. Washington is a nice city, and a man of Mr. Bryce's wondrous erudition will doubtless find himself very much in his element with the Congressmen, Senators, and other of the vast political host there assembled.

Many a legislator from far Texas or Nebraska is, doubtless, just now guessing and calculating that he would like to shake by the hand the author of "The American Commonwealth," "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," "Transcaucasus and Ararat," a man whose academic distinctions occupy a list six inches long in our reference books. Doubtless, also, Mr. Roosevelt, in his more profound moments, will like to sit at the feet of this imported Gamaliel and gain a notion or two as to the academic side of government.

But there is another use for an Ambassador than that of travelling professor. Hitherto it has been a universal rule to appoint to diplomatic posts men possessed of social qualifications and experience in the handling of delicate matters, rather than politicians steeped in learning and almost broken down by the weight of University degrees. Certainly, in the case of so very democratic a country as America, worldly wisdom would suggest that the best man we could possibly have sent would be he of the bluest available blood.

Mr. Bryce's Rivals

It would be ludicrous to blink the fact that America dearly loves a lord. It is in the power of the British Ambassador practically to rule the high Society of America assembled in Washington. Our representatives in the past have possessed such a power. Furthermore, our principal rivals at Washington, Germany and Russia, are represented by men, not only of conspicuous diplomatic skill, but the holders of titles. Baron Speck von Sternberg has the advantage not only of being a personal friend of the Kaiser, but an intimate of President Roosevelt. A light-hearted diplomatic man of the world and a great sportsman, he is a man after the President's own heart. The Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen, is of irreproachable social and diplomatic antecedents. He was Russia's Minister at Tokio before the late war, and is a man of conspicuous ability. France has the advantage of being represented at Washington by an aristocrat (M. Jusserand) who can "take on" the President at tennis, and who is tremendously vivacious and debonair. Surely, if England could not have found a man who could have out-Specked Sternberg, out-talked Rosen, and (at tennis) out-played Jusserand, she could, at least, have sent somebody possessing some of the personal essentials to diplomacy.

It is very important, too, that a British Ambassador, above all at Washington, should be accompanied by a wife possessed of some of the qualities of a *grande dame*, to be able, if necessary, to outclass all rivals in elegant entertainment. Whatever the excellent qualities of Mrs. Bryce—a Manchester lady—she has not hitherto held special distinction as a hostess.

His Hopeless "Principles"

However, even forgiving Mr. Bryce his appalling erudition, overlooking his defects in training and his lack of decorative qualities (*vide* our photograph opposite), he is in many ways almost the last man out of the present Government who should have been shelved, and "squared" by the Washington Embassy. Better Mr. Herbert Gladstone, even, had it been necessary, or Mr. Lloyd-George himself. For Mr. Bryce belongs to that peculiarly hopeless *genus* of politician, a man overwhelmed with principles. He is the arch-doctrinaire of Liberalism, and however excellent from a moral point of view were his views on such questions as the Boer War and the Armenian and Cretan massacres, they are likely to be a pitfall to his success in looking after the interests of his country at some future date. He comes very near being a peace-at-any-price man; he lacks the urbanity so indispensable in the successful diplomat.

A Slight to the Diplomatic Service

Even, therefore, supposing it had been necessary to appoint to the post a politician at all, the selection of Mr. Bryce was unfortunate, owing to the extreme inelasticity of his views, and the too strenuous nature of his Party leanings. The objection, however, to be most forcibly protested is that a politician of any kind should have been appointed. The whole object of our diplomatic training—admittedly the most thorough in the world, and that which history justifies by its magnificent results—is to "create" the kind of man who is a worthy representative of his country abroad, to breed a Stratford Canning, a Cromer, a Dufferin, for the "plums of office," when ripe for their picking. In appointing a politician to a post of the importance of Washington, this great service is slighted. Men who, in order to qualify for promotion, have passed their lives in discharging duties in distant lands, away from home, friends, and family ties, amongst foreign peoples, and risking the rigours of all kinds of climates, from the Arctic Circle to the Equator—these men are boycotted to make a politician's holiday, and the well-deserved promotions, which would follow the raising of one of their number to an Embassy, are unjustly postponed.

We cannot, therefore, pretend to be confident as to the outcome of this appointment, and hope that the Government will be warned by the criticism it has engendered not to allow it to form a precedent in their future diplomatic and other appointments.

Their Excellencies!

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador to Washington, and Mrs. Bryce

Who proceeded last Wednesday, on the White Star Liner *Oceanic*, to the United States. Since his appointment, Mr. Bryce has made a number of political speeches in England which have caused people to criticise, more than ever, the wisdom of appointing him to so important a diplomatic post, and one which calls for high social rather than political qualifications

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro

Though the smallest and least significant of the Balkan States, Montenegro is, of all of them, held in the highest esteem by the outer world. The other States only seem to come before Western notice by dint of something sanguinary. Bulgaria reminds us of her existence by hatching conspiracies and fostering frontier raids on her neighbour, the Turk. Servia, at regular intervals, exterminates or drives out her dynasty. Roumania is cruel to Jews and Greeks—and even Englishmen—if they do not happen to fit in with the national prejudices.

Of Montenegro, however, never a word is uttered in detriment; never a ripple of unrest passes over that sea of mountains which lies behind the gulf of Cattaro — and why? Because, oh, my Republican and Socialist friends — because she is ruled by a Prince who is Autocracy incarnate, and yet the very soul of Democracy. "Gospodar" Nicholas — the Bismarck of the Balkans —is the ideal type of ruler. He is *bon garçon*, shrewd, tactful, every inch a statesman. Tall, broad, handsome, at sixty he is as straight as a dart. He strolls about his little capital, the brother-man of all and sundry, moving in and out of his queer little palace (which resembles the pavilion of a large cricket or golf club rather than a Royal residence) with such freedom that he would fall an easy prey to a regicide, existed there such a thing in the land of the Black Mountain. The Prince is Montenegro's deadliest shot and finest horseman, he is an author and playwright, and the leading statesman of the Balkans.

The Prince of Montenegro

Whose Consort, the Princess Milena, is seriously ill. Prince Nicholas has just proclaimed the abolition of capital punishment in his little Principality, to which, last year, he granted a "Constitution"

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin from Mr. H. de Windt's new book, "Through Savage Europe"

Mr. H. de Windt tells us in his new book, "Through Savage Europe," that, on a Minister of one of the Powers lamenting to Prince "Nikita" the meagreness of exports from Montenegro, he replied, "Well, I don't know. What about my daughters?"

Montenegro's Future

In addition, of course, to having one of them on the throne of Italy, he has two Grand Duchesses of Russia and a Princess of Battenberg to call him "father" at foreign Courts. Snobs, of course, sneer at the humble origin of the Montenegrin princesses. Queen Elena's social path in Italy has been the reverse of rosy. Nevertheless, it is to be doubted whether the House of Savoy can look upon the House of Petrovitch (Nicholas's surname) with disdain, seeing that, but half a century ago, before the unification of Italy, their domain in Europe—Sardinia—was of little more importance than Montenegro. What the Savoy house is in United Italy to-day, the Petrovitch house *may* become in the United Balkan Empire of to-morrow, if they can only find a Cavour or a Bismarck to do the needful diplomacy. Italy, again, has scored a decided point in her scheme of expansion by her alliance with the Montenegrins, for when that great partition of the Balkans comes, Italy will find the hardy mountaineers of inestimable value to cover the rear of the armies, which she might throw into Albania, against the advance of Austria. To convert the Adriatic into an Italian lake is the very natural dream of the Italians, and one which is as likely as not to be the cause of the next great European war.

The King of the Belgian's villa in the neighbourhood of Nice, at which he has recently arrived

King Leopold II. on the Riviera

The same papers that announce the arrival of the King of the Belgians at his charming villa on the Riviera (a present made to his father by the late Queen Victoria) relate at some length the great monetary embarrassment in which the ill-fated Princess Louise of Coburg finds herself. Following the example of so many other celebrities in distress, the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians has actually been reduced to writing her woes in the *Matin*. And she is the eldest daughter of the King who is known as "the millionaire Monarch." A Royal biographer once told me what a thankless task was to write the life of a King whose good qualities so greatly exceeded his imperfections. He certainly was not making allusion to Leopold II. Hard it must be to do this monarch even justice. Whatever intellectual qualities he may, as a King, possess, however charitably one may be inclined to regard his well-known gallantries, he will always be considered responsible for the unhappy lives of his wife and three daughters.

* * *

The Troubles of His Daughters

Clementine, the youngest, lives with her father, and is generally known as the young Queen of the Belgians. Judge how he must love the others, when she, the favourite, has been offered insults innumerable. How often has he not tried to make her receive ladies whose names certainly do not figure in the "Almanac de Gotha"? Her life has not been without romance, as many suppose, and her love for Victor-Napoleon was deeper than even she cares to admit. Although it was a great grief to her mother to leave her unmarried, who can blame her for refusing to allow herself to be sacrificed on the altar of politics, as her two sisters had been? What kind of existence must Stephanie have led? Forced to live at a foreign Court where she felt she was not wanted; not a word of sympathy from her own or her husband's family, she had become, against her will, the wife of a *débauché* morphiomaniac. Even when Leopold heard the news of his son-in-law's terrible suicide, he refused to let his daughter return home. In giving her a pension of 25,000 francs, he considered he had done his duty, and quickly stopped it when he heard the news of her marriage to Count Lonyay.

* * *

The Plight of Princess Louise

Princess Louise of Coburg has had a harder fate even than her sister Stephanie. Her marriage with Philip of Coburg was miserable, the Prince having been described by a diplomatist—with exaggeration, perhaps—as "one of the most brutal specimens of humanity that Europe ever produced." Her adventures from the time she met Lieutenant Mattachich are well known. Drawn towards one another by an irresistible sympathy, they eloped to London, where they tried to raise a loan, without success. The lover was then imprisoned, and the Princess kept under surveillance for five years, till her lover could rescue her. Princess Louise is now back in Paris, the city which offered her, as an exile, a home and consolation. How delighted she must have been to receive a visit from her sister Stephanie, the person of all her relations best qualified to give her sympathy. For a long time, it is said, the two sisters wept together, the younger giving to the elder all the assistance she could to help her, but she is not rich enough to wipe out the debts for which an action has been brought against her sister. These two sisters seem to have

no more luck in justice than in love. Just as Stephanie lost the action she brought against her father, so Louise has lost the suit that was brought against her. A German jeweller, named Koch, to whom Princess Louise owes £3,000 for jewels she bought when the wife of Prince Philip of Coburg, started the action, although he excused himself, saying necessity only persuaded him to do it. The Princess wanted the money to be taken from the sums left to her by her mother, but the case has gone against her, and her mother's jewels are to be sold to pay the debt. Her costly furs, too, which were offered the other day for sale, have been bought by her sister. Poor Princess Louise! She may have been extravagant and fond of luxury, but "she was the Princess of Coburg," she says, "when she contracted these debts." For her father's lawyer, Wiener, she has no mercy. "She refuses to be criticised," she says, "by a man whose duty it is to obey his master." After all, what is £3,000 to Leopold II.? "Imagine," says the Princess, "what a godless action to allow my mother's jewels to be sold for debt!" Yet, in spite of all this, the Princess says nothing against her father. "He has a good heart," she writes, "if only we knew how to touch it." Whatever may have been the Princess's shortcomings, she has suffered a martyrdom, and requires sympathy.

* * *

The Reappearance of Herculaneum

Too long have the treasures buried in Herculaneum been hidden from the sight of the world, and it is good news to hear that at last a systematic scheme of excavation is shortly to be carried out. This is almost entirely due to the untiring efforts of Dr. Charles Waldstein, of Cambridge, the well-known archæologist. For several years past he has entirely devoted himself to the rather thankless task of endeavouring to form an International Commission to carry out the important work of the further excavation of the ill-fated Herculaneum.

Though the Commission has no official International standing, it has, nevertheless, received a great deal of assistance from the Italian and other Governments, while the King of Italy is taking a personal interest in the proceedings. The work will be commenced almost immediately, and it is expected that, before very long, some surprising discoveries will be made, for there was a great difference between Herculaneum and her sister-city, Pompeii, at the time of their destruction. At that period, Herculaneum was on the sea coast, though now the water is two-and-a-half miles away, and Vesuvius had not obtained its summit of accumulated cinders, so that the crater was less than three miles from the town. Pompeii, on the other hand, was situated nearly six miles away, and while her inhabitants had time to flee a certain distance before they were buried in the rain of cinders, Herculaneum was almost immediately engulfed by a stream of boiling lava and mud, so that it was impossible to remove the treasures. As only about a tenth of its surface has yet been dug out, it is probable that many masterpieces of sculpture and art will be shortly added to the collections of the world.

Dr. Charles Waldstein

The well-known Cambridge archæologist, who is superintending the work of further extensive excavations at Herculaneum

Past and Present Herculaneum: Showing the point up to which the excavations have hitherto been carried and the houses which will shortly be demolished

Only a tenth of Herculaneum has, up to the present, been excavated, and the new Commission, which is about to undertake further research, expects to make many interesting and important discoveries

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

SCALA THEATRE

"A Night with the Stars"

To use an expression in theatrical parlance which has been borrowed from the Showman's Vocabulary, *A Night with the Stars* is a "freak" performance. The phrase is not so derogatory as it appears. Once upon a time Mr. Charles Frohman had a way of compiling casts which were designed to stagger playgoing humanity. It was rumoured that Sarah Bernhardt would play Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Maude Adams. The rumour was possibly a playful skit upon the combination of players already arranged to be presented by him. (Note the absence of inverted commas from the word presented — it is time they were dropped considering the expression has been in vogue since the days of David Garrick.) Such a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* was designated a "freak" performance. So the word "freak" has come to signify any play the cast of which has been drawn up under exceptional circumstances. *A Night with the Stars*, however long or short be its run, is a production which is assured at least a page in theatrical history. It is a campaigning incident in a war which will be recalled when plays and players of the period are shrouded in the mists of imperfect memory.

The "War" and the Prophets

War always breeds prophets. Sometimes these prophets are not without honour even in their own country. These prophets furnish the natural supply of the great demand "which side will win?" In the South African War, those who predicted a "walk-over" were badly left. In the Russo-Japanese War, the prophets were nearer the mark. In the Music-Hall "War," the prophets have up to date been sitting upon the fence. Theirs is always a ticklish business. In the music-hall war especially, there is a feeling that the wise course, even for the professional prophet, consists in "lying low," like Brer Rabbit. The average man who has mastered the subtleties of the "barring clause" has come to the conclusion that both parties are armed with the weapons of Right. It is clearly a case for arbitration; and, as Mr. Joe O'Gorman, after a most engaging turn of song, dance, and story, told the audience, arbitration is in sight and the arbitrator has actually been appointed. So we may look forward to "Peace with Honour." At the same time, without prejudicing the issue, one may be allowed to record the surprising fact that so many of the stars at the Scala contented themselves with the orbit of the auditorium.

Stars Off the Stage

The artist-man who came to sketch celebrities could with difficulty be induced to keep his gaze upon the stage, so distracted was he by the appearance of Mr. Arthur Roberts, of Miss Marie Lloyd, and of others in the lobby. The support given to the strike by the leaders of the music-hall profession furnishes one of the most remarkable phases of the "war." "Moral" support is well enough, but when support takes the form of foregoing the weekly cheque for £150, of which so much has been said, then it becomes support indeed. Yet the leasing of the Scala Theatre by the National Alliance (*i.e.* Variety Artists' Federation, Amalgamated Musicians' Union, and National Association of Theatrical Employees) was one of the coups of the campaign. How was it that the very people who resigned themselves to the loss of good money were unable to give a fillip to the production

SOME "STRIKING" TYPES

SKETCHED AT SCALA THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

at the Scala Theatre by their presence in the cast?

A Very Scratch Orchestra

Another mysterious happening in a most exciting evening's entertainment. The orchestra came very near to queering the excellent impression made by a "hotch potch" which, considering it was put on in five days in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, was little short of marvellous. Now the orchestra, presumably, was picked from the striking musicians among whom were numbered members of all the important variety orchestras in London. In an All-England football team we do not always get perfect combination. But in an all-variety London orchestra we look for more combination than was displayed by the orchestra at the Scala. However, be it remembered that the piece was produced practically without a hitch in a space of time which barely suffices for the ordinary production to get out of the rough stage. In saying that the libretto is on a par with the ordinary musical comedy "book" written round theatrical stars, I do not intend any slight upon the work of Mr. Max Goldberg. His feat is best expressed in a sum in proportion. If Mr. Goldberg can do the work of two men in one-tenth of the time, how long would it take him to produce an ordinary musical comedy book? Mr. Goldberg had to thread his "specialty" artists upon a string of "plot." He performed his task in the most ingenious manner. The Specialties were dragged in with no more violence than they are dragged in in a musical comedy, where we are accustomed to songs introduced in a manner after the following:

REGGIE: "Town life's all very well, but give me the country."

MISS FLORRIE ST. CLAIR (*her one line*): "I suppose you're hankering after the orchard you used to rob as a boy."

REGGIE: "Yes; shall I ever forget the stolen sweets of the ripping, little ribstone pippins?"

SONG (REGGIE): "The ripping, little ribstone pippin."

Much of the brightness of the performance was due to the unflagging spirits of Miss Claire Romaine and Mr. Hal Forde. Much amusement, too, was derived from the clever imitations of Mr. George Robey, Mr. Joe Elvin, and Miss Camille Clifford, contributed by Mr. Dion Wade, Mr. Charles Austin, and Miss Clarice Mayne.

E. C. S.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA

Mr. Wood is rhythm incarnate. In his little finger lurks more virtue than in many metrostyles. And the Queen's Hall orchestra is developing accordingly faster in the direction of crispness than in that of judicious tone contrast, though even here great advances are noticeable. His reading of Beethoven is often inclined to have a tinge of exaggeration, but it would be difficult to imagine a more satisfactory performance of the Seventh Symphony than was given at the last concert. The strings played the delicate, clear-cut phrases as one man, the tone and quality of the wood-wind was accurate and delicate; only the brass seemed at times a little overpowering. On this occasion Ernest von Dohnanyi's new Concertstück for violoncello and orchestra was performed for the first time in England. It is a long work—it seemed to occupy a longer time in performance than the Symphony — but it is treated in greater accordance with the canons of musical form than is the case with most modern compositions. It has well-marked and definite themes, which appear and reappear in the expected places, and a central section in slow *tempo*. The character of the work is refined, though not of overwhelming attraction. Mr. Dohnanyi sometimes tickles our ears, but always in scholarly fashion. He has conceived of the clarionet as a sort of attendant spirit which dances now before, now behind, the solo instrument. The 'cello wanders serenely between hedges, bright with flowers of varied orchestral colouring, expanding here and there into little orchestral *tutti*, where so much detail is simultaneously presented as to leave a somewhat confused effect. Professor Hugo Becker undoubtedly "made" the work by his wonderfully graceful playing of the solo portions. The remainder of the concert was devoted to extracts from the works of Wagner and his latter-day disciple, Richard Strauss, and what Mr. Wood does not understand about their music is not to be understood.

H. F.

SKETCHED AT THE SCALA THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

The New "Belle of Mayfair"

What ripe old age the Vaudeville pieces reach, to be sure! *The Belle of Mayfair*, which has already been played considerably over 300 times, went into a second edition a few nights ago. Unlike the second editions of musical pieces one usually sees, *The Belle of Mayfair* has undergone such extensive changes that it has almost become a new play. Alterations have even been made in the dialogue. The best of the old songs have been retained, while many pretty new numbers have been added. Miss Maud Boyd has been provided with a song in which she shows that she is the possessor of a decidedly pretty voice. Miss Ruby Ray has also been given a chance to display her vocal powers in a duet, which she sings with Mr. Charles Angelo. Neither of these ladies had singing parts in the piece hitherto. Miss Ray also dances in the new edition. She is very dainty, but scarcely so graceful as Miss Lilian Digges, whose airy dancing, in the part of Pincott, remains one of the choicest things of the evening. Miss Billie Burke, who plays the "Belle" with considerable charm, has new songs, so also has Mr. Courtice Pounds, whose singing is always delightful. To put down in black and white all the pleasing innovations would require too much space, but I must just add that Messrs. Arthur Williams, Farren Soutar, Sam Walsh, and Miss Louie Pounds, are still included in the cast. I suggest you go and see the piece again, and I warrant you'll not be disappointed.

Mr. Nelson Jackson

The versatile entertainer, whose clever songs and sketches (fifty of which he has composed himself) are well known at concerts all over the country and the Colonies. He is now at the Tivoli

(Drawn by Cecil Wilson)

Notes from the Suburbs

Whilst the D'Oyly Carte Company in the West End is drawing crowds to the Savoy Theatre, the touring company is playing to delighted audiences in the suburbs. The company is at the "Broadway," New Cross, this week, and the following pieces have been chosen from its repertoire, *Mikado*, *Gondoliers*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Trial by Jury*, and *Yeomen of the Guard*. There will be a matinée to-day (Wednesday). The popular *Amāsis* started its tour round the suburbs last week, at the Borough Theatre, Stratford. The company, with the exception of Miss Ruth Vincent, whose part is being played by Miss Constance Drever, is identical with that lately playing at the Criterion and New Theatres.

R. M.

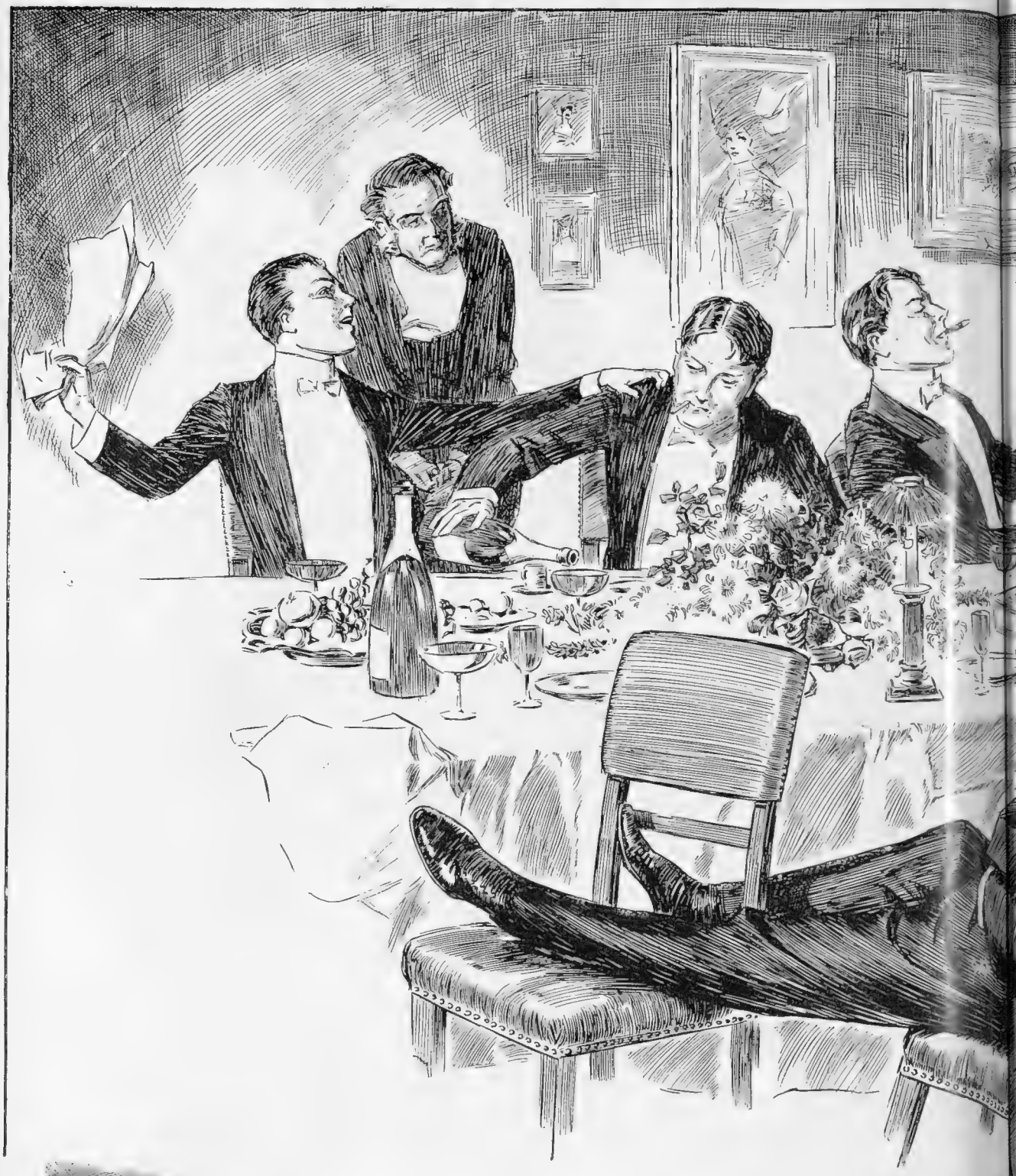
Photo *Bolak*

A Happy Family

These three cubs were born five weeks ago at the Agricultural Hall, and are in a thriving condition. They are the property of Messrs. Bostock and Wombwell, of circus fame

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, will portray the progress of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN



SCENE THE THIRD

(A Letter to his Parents)

The Gilded Youth at the 'Varsity
untoward

AKE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

: A little supper-party, and an
nterruption

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

Worldly Short Story No. 62

"SACRIFICE"

By

FRED M. WHITE

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

VERNON FORSYTH was growing just a little tired of it. He wanted to get away to the edge of the river and smoke; the tangle in his new comedy was worrying him again. After all, there are disadvantages in being a popular playwright. There were other matters, too.

He was disturbed, too, about Hetty Harbord. It was true she had a comfortable home and an easy time under Mrs. Lycett Lamburn's roof; still the girl was not exactly in her artistic setting in that smart set. What a pity it was that she had lost all her money! Such a cruel stroke of fortune, too. Like most people, Forsyth failed to understand it. No doubt the explanation of Lygen, K.C., had been pellucid enough to the legal mind, but it conveyed nothing to the intelligence of the dramatist. What was a "fee simple," and why was the confounded thing affected by a missing tombstone and an errant leaf from the register of a country church? The whole thing reminded Forsyth of "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" in "Bleak House." But the fact remained that Hetty was a pauper. There were no funds to take the Appeal up to the House of Lords. Forsyth, dining with Mrs. Lamburn to-night, has just heard the whole story. Then Mrs. Lamburn had gone off, thoughtful for her other guests, and Forsyth was alone in the garden.

The silver Thames flowed serenely on, the dark tangle of the woods rose over the other bank, red lights flickered from the chain of houseboats opposite. Forsyth dropped into a seat at the bottom of the lawn and gazed thoughtfully at the house.

On the left was the dining-room, fronted by a balcony wreathed in roses and climbing plants. The walls were dull red, with pictures gleaming on them, the warm blue of Nankin china, the dull filbert-brown of old oak, the flash of silver. Everything there to appeal to the imagination of the dramatist, even to the exquisite figure of Hetty Harbord herself. But who was the man with her?

"Dear Heaven, how beautiful she is!" Forsyth muttered. "It is only in plays that men go to the depths for the sake of a woman. Is it? If Hetty Harbord only came to me and said . . . Is that Carr with her? Good Lord, not that fellow! Carr, above all men!"

He sat there grimly and watched. It was like some thrilling play without words, beyond the fringe of the quivering foliage. The girl and the man stood opposite one another, the girl pleading earnestly. Forsyth could see the quiver of her lips, the suggestion of tears in her eyes. There was a tender smile on the face of her companion; he shook his curly head with mournful resignation. A moment later she was alone, standing looking up at the stars. Then she came down the garden, with eyes downcast now. Forsyth rose from the seat, and laid a hand on the girl's arm.

"Come and sit here and tell me all about it," Forsyth said quietly. "Yes, I have been watching. I have been your friend all these years, Hetty. And I want to help you now. You are in sore trouble. But you will live to be glad of this."

The girl murmured something incoherent.

"You don't understand," Hetty said. The words came slowly and painfully. "For my own part, I could forgive. After all, I am not blameless. I am not a child. But the other one—the young and innocent life—why——"

"Good Heavens!" Forsyth groaned. "I had never guessed at *that!* And I a dramatist, too! Oh! the scoundrel, the cold-blooded, heartless scoundrel! My dear child, forgive me. If you only knew!"

Hetty rose like a child that is tired. Forsyth caught her hand in his, and raised it to his lips. Across the river the red glowing lamps in the houseboats were blotted out one by one.

. . . . . .

"Upon my word, I shouldn't mind changing places with you," Carr said, with just a touch of patronage in his tone. "After all said and done, it is no bad thing to be a popular dramatist."

"'If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes,'" Forsyth suggested. "A houseboat is by no means an expensive luxury after the first outlay. Cheaper than an autumn at one of the 'Bads,' anyway. Besides, the river always has a fascination for me."

(Continued on page 394)

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(All rights strictly reserved)

'Mid Mountain, Wood, and Dell

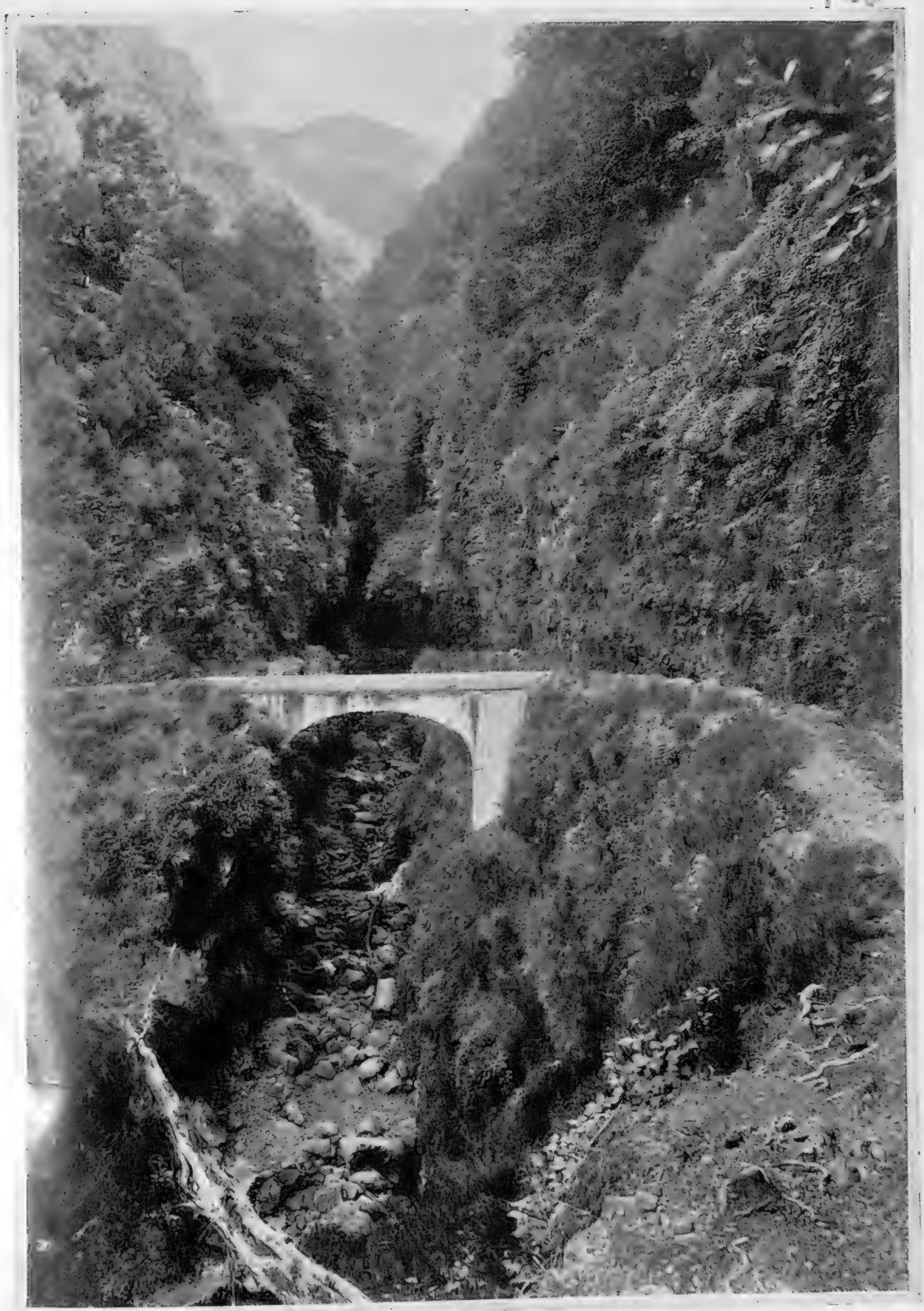


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

A beautiful scene in Madeira

It would be almost impossible to surpass some of the scenes of natural beauty which are to be seen in the north of the island among its beautifully wooded mountains and ravines

(*Continued from page 392*)

"I should like it better if I could only swim," Carr replied. "There is always the feeling of death under one, some way. To lie at the bottom of the brown water in a tangle of weeds—horrible! I suppose I haven't got over my accident here in July yet. Still——"

Forsyth studied his guest calmly and critically. He had swamped his own feelings entirely for the moment. He had a great game to play, and he was playing it calmly and deliberately. His plans were laid carefully enough, indeed he had passed the last ten days in the doing of them. But it was hard work being agreeable to this handsome scoundrel, who had wrecked his life and the life of another dearer still.

"You chaps puzzle me," Carr said, after a pause. "Can't imagine where you get your ideas from. Most interesting what you were sayin' to Mrs. Lycett Lamburn the other night. All about plots, you know. 'Long arm of coincidence,' you called it. What?"

"Coincidence is only another name for the vagaries of truth," Forsyth said, gravely. "I'll give you a case in point. Not long ago a young friend of mine suddenly lost a lot of money. She had not long been possessed of it, it came from a relative, in fact. It was all right until the will came to be proved, and then there was a hitch. Some legal document was needed, and that document could not be found. I believe it was a certificate of some kind. The matter came into Court, the Crown put in a claim, and my young friend was badly beaten.

"Now mark the sequel. I was writing a drama which hung upon a missing marriage certificate some century old, and one of my strong scenes turned upon the alteration in the date and inscription on an ancient tombstone. I went down to an old-world village called Tedworth. I chose Tedworth simply because my unfortunate young friend's people came from there. I grovelled about the churchyard for days with the ancient sexton getting my local colour, and you may believe me or not, but I found the *missing tombstone*. I found the date, too, and, what is more to the point, I unearthed the lost certificate. Here it is. Now don't talk to me about coincidences after that."

Carr examined the long slip of parchment with an eagerness that he could not altogether conceal. Forsyth studied him carefully from the gloom of the background. His eyes seemed to scorch and flame. The knuckles of his clenched hand stood out white against the tan. Carr pitched the paper aside with a careless laugh.

"Very dramatic," he said. "I congratulate Miss —er—Harbord. In the ordinary course of things, she ought to show her gratitude by bestowing her hand and fortune on you. What's the matter? Broken a glass! You've had one too many, Forsyth. Which reminds me that it is time to be getting along. Would you mind putting me across to Lamburn's—I find I have left—er—something there. It isn't too late to get it yet."

. . . . .

"Positively *the* most romantic story!" Mrs. Lycett Lamburn exclaimed. "And to think that Gerald Carr was engaged to Hetty all the time! And he so poor, so bound to marry money."

Mrs. Lamburn's guests laughed. For the most part they were interested. The afternoon gathering was proving a success. It was a fine day, too, and the river was gay with craft. Forsyth appeared to be studying the passing boats with interest. As yet he had expressed no opinion. His hostess fastened upon him relentlessly.

"I want to have your opinion," she said, with the air of one who demands a right. "Analyse the situation for us—do!"

"Well, let me have the facts first," said the dramatist. "You forget that I have been for three days in the North."

"Oh, yes. Well, it is like this. Miss Harbord came to me this morning, and said she wanted to leave at once. There were strong reasons for her determination. She was not eager and excited; on the contrary, she was quiet and subdued, but happy. I don't know when I have seen anybody look so happy. It was—it was touching."

"It would be," somebody murmured, thoughtfully. "Dreadfully old-fashioned, and all that, but doubtless very pleasant. I'm trying to imagine it."

"Please don't interrupt," Mrs. Lycett Lamburn went on. "I was really astonished. I thought that Hetty Harbord was quite contented here. Then she went on to tell me the reason. It appears that she was married to Gerald Carr at Kingston registry office yesterday morning. I cannot tell you more than that if I talked for a week."

"And she has gone?" Forsyth managed to say quietly.

"Yes, she went just before lunch-time. I understood her to say that she was going to meet Gerald Carr in London this afternoon, and that they cross to Paris by the night boat."

"Then I shall presently see them," Forsyth murmured, "for it so happens that I also am going to Paris by the night boat."

. . . . .

Yes, there they were talking together under the bridge. Not very much like a loving couple starting on their honeymoon, perhaps; indeed, Carr's handsome face looked a little bored. Hetty was silent, but Forsyth could see that her eyes were shining with happiness. There was a certain shy humility about her as she glanced at her husband, as if she were asking herself what she had done to deserve all this beatitude.

Forsyth made himself known; he had exactly the right thing to say, and said it with discretion. He congratulated Carr with words that did not choke him. It seemed such a natural thing, altogether. They stood there for some time laughing and chatting in the moonlight. It seemed impossible to identify this woman with the broken-hearted girl sobbing out her confession on a garden seat.

They did not meet again till the Gare du Nord in Paris was reached. Carr was standing by a pile of luggage, with a telegram in his hand. An hotel servant stood by, waiting. There was perplexity, irritation, and anger, tinged with faint regret, on Carr's

(*Continued on page 396*)

Miss Sadie Jerome and Her Little Daughter

Photo *J. Caswell-Smith*

Miss Jerome (Mrs. Herzburg), who is now playing in "The Morals of Marcus" at the Garrick

Miss Sadie Jerome, who is an American by birth, made her first appearance in this country with Augustine Daly, and afterwards played in *Gentleman Joe* at the Prince of Wales's. For several years, however, she lived in Johannesburg, but rejoined the stage as leading lady when Mr. James Welch's Company was on tour in South Africa with *Cousin Kate* and other plays. *The Morals of Marcus* is the first play in which she has taken part since her return to this country

(Continued from page 394)

face. He looked just a little relieved as Forsyth came up.

"I've just got this," he said abruptly. "Forwarded by my man to our hotel, marked 'urgent' The hotel people sent it on here to meet me. Forsyth, I've got to go back to England, *now*."

"No bad news, I hope," Forsyth said politely.

"Yes. Well, perhaps, no. It's from my uncle's doctor. He says that the old man is sinking fast and desires to see me. After all said and done, I *am* his favourite sister's only child. If I had only guessed this a week ago!"

His voice trailed off to a murmur. There was no reason to finish the sentence so far as Forsyth was concerned. If he *had* known a week before, Hetty would not have been standing shyly in the background now. Carr might have shouted it from the housetops.

"No use standing chatting here," he said. "I'll get back to Calais at once. Do me a little favour, Forsyth—see my wife is comfortably settled in the hotel. With any luck I'll be back here in a day or two."

There was nothing else for it. Forsyth had nothing to do the following evening; indeed, he had no business in Paris at all. Would Mrs. Carr do him the honour of dining with him and a theatre afterwards? Carr replied that it would be just the very thing.

So they dined and supped afterwards at a brilliant little café that Forsyth knew of, then they sat in silence for some little time. Up to now there had been no opportunity for a change of confidences. Forsyth watched his companion's face as he smoked his cigarette. In all the brilliant originality of his stage inventions there was nothing more original than this. All the same, the situation could never be used.

A little spot of red flamed on Hetty's cheeks.

"I wanted to speak to you," she said, "only I was afraid. I did not expect the—the other night that the time would come when I should become the wife of Gerald Carr. I suppose that even the best of men do mean and cruel things sometimes."

"Probably," Forsyth agreed. "We are all miserable sinners, you know. I believe that even Gerald Carr has made mistakes."

"Yes, yes. But not intentionally, not deliberately. You see, he was very much upset; he had had some bad news. And, perhaps, I was a little silly and foolish It was weak of me to tell you."

"Of course it was," Forsyth said promptly. "You want me to forget it all, to obliterate it from my memory. Well, consider it done. So long as you are happy, I ask for no more."

"The present suffices," Hetty laughed. "And I should not mind anything much *now*. One can love and lose and get over it, one can exist for a memory. But when you have given your heart, *everything*, and then to find that—— But let us talk of something else, Mr. Forsyth. And, really, I had no idea that it was anything like so late."

Well, so far so good. The way was clear now. Carr had given no sign. As yet his wife lived in a paradise of roses. But not for long. That was not Carr's way.

"Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," Forsyth mused on his homeward way. "Better to let her worship at a shrine than moisten with her tears those feet of clay."

. . . . .

"I thought that I would run over from Kingston and see you," Carr proceeded to explain. "Yes, I got your note all right. And I'm greatly obliged to you for all your care and attention to my wife. I'm sorry I could not have her down at the Court, everything is all at sixes and sevens there. But you seem to have made her comfortable in London."

"I did everything I could, Sir Gerald," Forsyth said gravely.

Carr started and frowned.

"Oh, drop that," he said. "The title is all very well, but what is the good of it without the money? I suppose you don't know that the old brute never left me a penny after all, and, upon my word, I believe that it is all due to that unlucky marriage of mine. Hetty put an announcement in the *Times*, and the old man saw it. The very day he died he made a short will, leaving everything to my children if I have any, and failing them, to another branch of the family."

Carr spoke with savage and concentrated bitterness.

"At any rate, Hetty is not a pauper," he went on. "No doubt in the course of time the family will come along. And I shall be able to pay those confounded debts of mine. Still, if I had waited another week, I should have been free to make my own choice, and——"

The words trailed off into a murmur, but they were intelligible enough to Forsyth. The cold-hearted, selfish egotism of his companion was by no means lost on him. He looked out of the windows of the houseboat down the shining stretch of river, the silence of the night was broken only by the roar of a distant weir. Carr rose at length.

"I must be going now," he said. "Will you put me across again?"

"I'll do better than that," Forsyth suggested. "I'll paddle you down as far as the ferry in the punt, and save you a mile walk."

Carr fell in with the suggestion. Both men were silent till the last of the houseboats was passed, and they came at length to a long, silent stretch, with wooded trees on either side. It was not too dark for each to see the face of the other. Forsyth sat in the stern, paddle in hand, just keeping way on the punt.

"Carr," he said. There was a stern inflection in his voice. "Carr, what would you do if your wife had no fortune?"

"We'll talk about that when the fortune goes," Carr said.

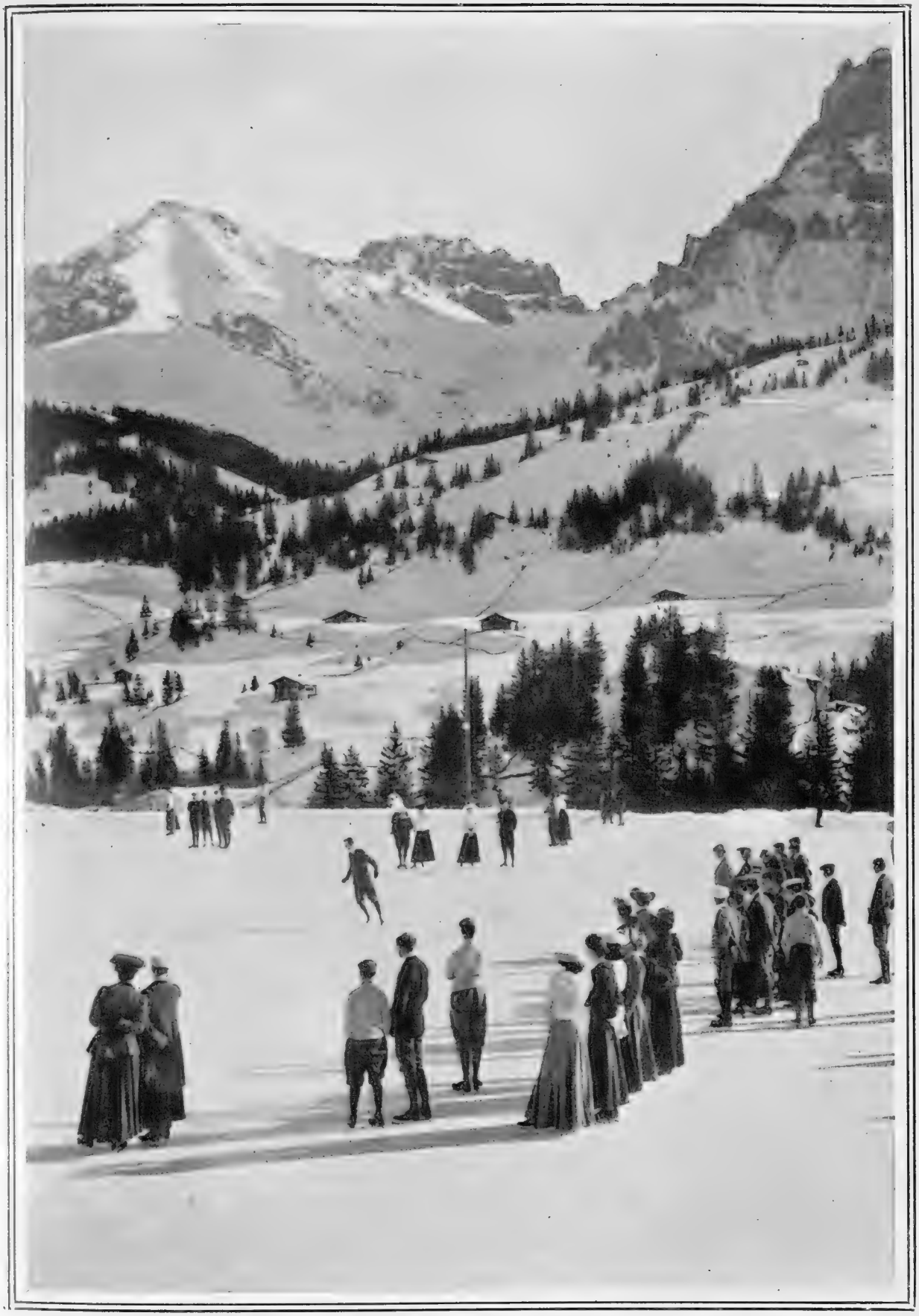
"No. We'll talk about it *now*. I brought you here on purpose. Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that those proofs I laid before you the other night were nothing but clever forgeries."

"What is the good of assuming anything so absurd?"

"Because it is true. Those certificates were forged at my request by a very clever engraver, and the

(Continued on page 398)

A Skating Ordeal



Watching a practical examination for the National Skating Association's Certificate at Adelboden

Those who aspire to become the possessors of the first-class certificate of the National Skating Association have to undergo severe tests of a practical nature, which are none the less trying for being performed in the presence of critical spectators

(Continued from page 396)

names were added to make the illusion complete. From start to finish the whole thing is a fraud. Your wife is as poor now as she was a month ago. And that's the truth. . . . If you do that again you'll have the punt over, and you can't swim. Neither can I for that matter. Oh, I assure you that I am not joking."

"What on earth do you mean?" Carr asked, hoarsely.

"Precisely what I say. But, perhaps, I had better explain. I am going to be perfectly candid with you, well knowing what I am going to say will never be repeated to a living soul. I had better preface my remarks with the statement that I have loved Hetty for years. I will not dwell upon the strength and depth of that love, because you would not understand. I knew I had no chance, but I hoped on till you came along. You blind, conceited fool, why are you groaning like that?

"I did not guess till one night, little more than a week ago, when I sat in Mrs. Lycett Lamburn's garden and saw what took place in the dining-room between Hetty and yourself. Even then, I did not guess how bad things were till Hetty came into the garden and we talked. After that I found out everything, *everything*, Carr."

Carr shuffled in his seat uneasily, but made no reply.

"Oh, I weighed you up to a grain. When I laid those forgeries before you, I saw that the thing was done. Why, you slipped away from my boat, and went back to Mrs. Lycett Lamburn's and made matters right that very night. But you said nothing about the fortune. God knows what you did, though I could give a pretty good guess. It was an easy matter with a girl who loved you—a girl who stood on the threshold of a black despair. And still no word as to the fortune—I *knew* you would be cunning enough to keep that in the background. I felt certain that you would urge a secret and speedy marriage. And that is the way in which I saved Hetty Harbord's good name."

It was all going home to Carr. He never doubted the truth of Forsyth's words. There was passion and sincerity in every one of them.

"Women are strange creatures," Forsyth went on more quietly, "as doubtless your wide experience has taught you. You had not to plead very hard for forgiveness. And when I parted with your wife this afternoon she was as happy a girl as you could wish to see. And she believes in you. She regards you, honestly, as one of the best and most honourable of men. It will be my business to see that you do nothing to dispel that illusion, Carr."

"Will it," Carr sneered. His blood was rising now. He wanted to catch Forsyth by the throat and choke the life out of him. "Curse you for a meddling, interfering sentimentalist. Isn't it enough for you that I am ruined, without saddling me with the responsibility of a wife? I have been tricked and cheated, and you shall pay for it. And so shall she, by Heaven!"

"I think not," Forsyth said quietly; "in fact, I am sure not. My good fellow, I have not planned out the whole thing like this to have you spoil everything at the last moment. Your wife is going to think of you always as one of the best of men. For aught I know, she will remain wedded to a memory. I should say she is that class of woman. And there is always the consolation of absolute ignorance."

There was no mistaking Forsyth's meaning now. Carr's face glistened pale, wet, and ghastly in the fading light.

"Do you threaten me?" he demanded. "You madman, who——"

"There you are quite mistaken. I am as sane as you are. Do you imagine that the era of the great sacrifice has gone? Can't you believe that I love that woman with my whole life, that I would do anything to save her suffering and humiliation? God! When I looked into her face the other night and read the dumb misery in her eyes, I could have trampled over the souls of a thousand like you to save her. For myself I care nothing. I saw my way at length; I planned it out as I plan out one of my plays. A finer drama I never created. The only pity is that it can never be acted. Few of our best plays are.

"Oh, I knew you. I toyed with you. I plumbed the mean recesses of your soul. You acted just as I knew you would. Hetty is happy again. And she will not be poor."

"For Heaven's sake," Carr cried, "stop! What are you doing? Don't you see that we shall be over the weir if you don't—good Lord!"

The last words came with a groan, for Forsyth had cast the paddle far into the stream. There was no madness on his face—nothing but the calm smile of the man who is master of the situation. The roar of the water came nearer and nearer, the punt suddenly stooped, then slid like an arrow down into the white churn of foam and fret. The cold stream seemed to rise and take Carr by the throat; an icy grip was about his heart. Only for a moment he choked and screamed, then a vista of green meadows passed before his eyes, he seemed to be sleeping under the shadow of tall trees.

. . . . . .

"And who did you say she was?" the man home on leave asked.

"Lady Carr. Didn't you know? Oh, I forgot. She was Miss Hetty Harbord, the girl who lost all that money. She captivated the fancy of Gerald Carr. I expect you will remember him. Good-looking——"

"Puppy," the man on leave growled. "Lady-killer. Pah! Go on."

"He was Sir Gerald Carr by that time. The old baronet left everything to the heir, then unborn, unthought-of, indeed. Within three days, Carr was drowned — punting with Forsyth, the dramatist. Nobody knew quite how it happened, but they were both drowned. Her boy's a jolly little chap now, and a great pal of mine. Lovely woman, isn't she? 'Never marry again,' she says. Devoted to a memory, and all that."

"Seems quaint," the man on leave said, cynically. "Fancy a woman making a saint of a blackguard like Carr. Still, she *looks* happy."

The man on leave was quite right. She was.

FRED M. WHITE.

"The Bystander" in Many Lands

(Half a guinea is paid for each photograph published on this page of readers in out-of-the-way parts)

(1) In Zanzibar

Showing a reader among the ruins of the ancient Arabian Palace of Mtoni. Sent by MR. R. A. PLANK, Eastern Telegraph Co., Zanzibar

(2) In Ancient Macedonia

Showing how the Greek butchers (*hasapides*) sell their meat from house to house in Salonica, which is, of course, the ancient Thessalonica. It is the chief seaport of Macedonia, and one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. Sent by MISS LILIAN TRUMAN, British Post Office, Salonica

(3) In the Egyptian Desert

The sender, MRS. BRAND, Savoy Hotel, Assouan, Upper Egypt, writes: "I am sending a photograph of myself taken in my little car out in the desert early one morning. I had come out to see the Arab Festival of Courban Beyram, and brought the paper with me to beguile the time on the journey"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

The Future of Viscount Galway's Hunt

Generally speaking, it has been a sorry month for fox-hunters, and the chief subject of discussion latterly has not been the sport enjoyed — because there has been next to none to talk about—but the various changes of management which are now being effected in prominent countries. In Viscount Galway's Hunt things took rather an unexpected turn, for after it had seemed all but settled that Lord Charles Cavendish Bentinck should be the new M.F.H., the Committee found themselves utterly unable to discriminate between his lordship's offer and that which was made by Earl Fitzwilliam. Therefore, they decided to put the whole matter to the vote. The Duke of Portland, who is a large landowner in the country, was keenly desirous that Lord Charles, who is his half-brother, should take command of the pack, and he offered to purchase Lord Galway's brilliant hounds and guarantee that they should never be lost to the district. But when the Duke heard that Lord Fitzwilliam was in the field, he immediately perceived the danger of dividing the country on the question, and consequently withdrew his proposals. I think, however, that he was rather disappointed.

Photo *Vandyk*

The New Master of Viscount Galway's Hounds

Lord Fitzwilliam, who has just been elected to the Mastership of Viscount Galway's Hunt. He is now the Master of three packs, being already M.F.H. of the Fitzwilliam Hounds, Yorkshire, and the pack bearing his name in Ireland

Lord Fitzwilliam's New Record

Earl Fitzwilliam, therefore, was elected to the vacant Mastership last week, and has agreed to buy the hounds and find a professional huntsman for them. Much discussion was caused in hunting circles when the Yorkshire peer, on succeeding to the title and estates a few years ago, decided upon keeping up two fox-hunting countries—one in Ireland and the other ranging round the family seat in Yorkshire. If that was productive of comment, what are we to say of this keen young sportsman now that he is to be Master of three distinct packs? This certainly eclipses all hunting records of the kind. His capacity for successfully carrying out this ambitious programme cannot for a moment be doubted, and I am sure that the followers of what are now known as Lord Galway's Hounds will not regret placing themselves in his hands.

A Family of Fox-hunters

The love of fox-hunting may be said to have been deeply bred in Lord Fitzwilliam, for nearly every member of his family for more than a century past has been a passionate votary of the chase. One branch of the family has another magnificent pack of hounds at Milton Park, Peterborough, and it is safe to say that where there is fox-hunting there you will find a Fitzwilliam. The Countess shares her husband's keenness for the "king of sports," nor could one expect any other of a daughter of the Marquis of Zetland, who for more than thirty years has been one of the foremost M.F.H.'s in the North of England. Upon negotiations with Viscount Galway's Hunt coming to an end, Lord Charles Cavendish Bentinck immediately offered to continue in the command of the Blankney Hounds, which this season he has shared with Mr. Edgar Lubbock. It scarcely need be said that his offer was only too willingly accepted, and members of the Blankney are now rejoicing in the knowledge that arrangements have been completed by which Lord Charles will carry on the country for the next two seasons. All's well, therefore, that ends well. The Galway Hounds have got a first-class Master, and so have the Blankney.

"The Beagler Boy"

Our illustration of Commander the Hon. H. G. Brand and his smart pack of Britannia beagles, which provide excellent sport for the cadets at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, reminds us of the fact that the cost of the pack will no longer be paid out of the public funds devoted to the College, but will be borne by the parents of the lads who run with the hounds. We do not begrudge the ultra-humanitarians this little triumph, for they really do want something to console them for the utter lack of success which has attended their long-drawn-out war against this pack and the Eton College Beagles. Moreover, under the new arrangement, the Britannia hounds will become purely a private pack, and will thus be less vulnerable to the attacks of those faddists who are beside themselves with rage because they cannot induce the great body of the community to side with

them in their anti-sport crusade. The embitterment of these self-appointed arbiters of our sports and pastimes seems to know no bounds, and I think I am right in attributing to them the publication of a little paper entitled the *Beagler Boy*. This purports to be a defence of beagling in general and of the Eton College Beagles in particular; but the very violence of the defence gives it away, for arguments are brought forth which no sane lover of beagling would ever employ. I must grant at once that it is a very adroitly written essay, calculated to impose on those who read it unwarily or hurriedly. Perused in the right spirit, one may deem it worthy of the authors of "Wisdom While You Wait." But isn't it rather a low-down dodge? I am waiting very interestedly for the second number of the *Beagler Boy*.

The Waterloo Cup

All things being favourable, a start will be made with the Waterloo Cup on the date of the publication of this issue. Unfortunately, the weather was exceedingly bad for coursers after the Ridgway Club Meeting in the last week of January, and at the time of writing many owners and trainers are doubtful as to whether they will be able to get their best dogs into proper condition in time for the Cup. Certain well-known greyhounds are said to be not exactly cherry ripe, and among them is last season's winner, Mr. H. Hardy's Hoprend. His success twelve months ago was gained after some of the finest trials ever seen at a Waterloo Cup Meeting. The final rested between Hoprend and Mr. S. Death's Dividend Deferred, and with odds of 7 to 2 laid upon them, the first-named won most decisively. This was the second Waterloo Cup in which Hoprend had taken part, and though his previous record had not been particularly good, he was known to have made considerable improvement, and consequently was well backed. It is interesting to recall that the odds on the night of the draw were 9 to 1 against Hoprend and 100 to 3 against Dividend Deferred. Tips, as usual, are galore for the struggle which begins to-day, and two dogs who are specially well spoken on by good judges of this sport are the Countess of Sefton's San Francisco and Sir Robert Jardine's Long Span, who both were backed for the Cup at the recent Ridgway Meeting.

The War Office Miniature Rifle

Much interest attaches to the accompanying photograph of Lord Cheylesmore, the Chairman of the National Rifle Association, with his sons, taken on the lawn at the back of his house, Hughenden Manor, because the weapon in hand is the new War Office miniature rifle. This rifle has been welcomed as a praiseworthy effort on the part of various official and other authorities on musketry instruction to devise an arm capable of extracting the best results from rifle practice at miniature distances. I have received for review a copy of the B.S.A Handbook for the War Office miniature rifle. I find it a very clear and concise treatise, not only on the rifle itself, but on musketry and the care of arms and ammunition. The merest tyro could hardly fail to understand either the mechanism of the rifle or the rudiments of musketry, so clearly is it all defined and graphically illustrated. The rifle itself is practically a miniature single-loading

Photo *Carslake Winter-Wood*

The Britannia Beagles: Commander the Hon. Hubert Brand, M.V.O., R.N., and his smart pack at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth

A good deal of comment has lately been provoked owing to the fact that this pack was maintained out of the public funds. This support has now been withdrawn, and the cost of maintaining the hounds is now borne privately

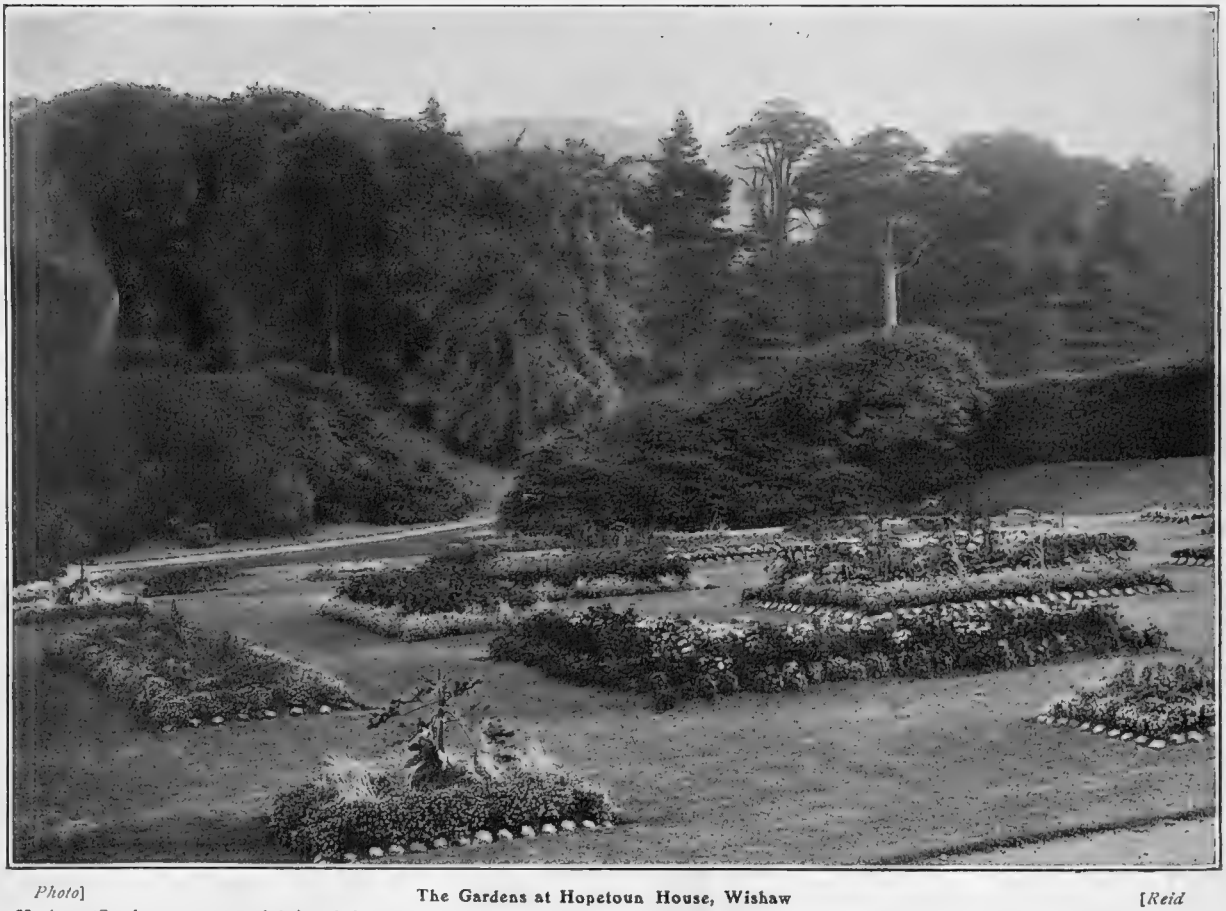
Lee-Enfield, with a ·22 calibre barrel, and is sighted up to 200 yards. It is fitted with sling attachments, which provide an easy means of carrying the rifle, and allow also of the approved Bisley method of holding it when firing. All rights in the matter of mechanical patent and design of the rifle are the exclusive property of the War Office. A licence to manufacture has been granted to the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Limited, and the company has gone to a large initial expenditure on tools, gauges, and special machinery, by which each part of the rifle is made interchangeable. This gives the user the benefit of a highly perfected rifle, of sweet working and fine adjustment, at a materially reduced cost of construction. A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

The ideal garden is one which has a southern exposure, with a steep bank of trees on its north and east sides, not so near as to prevent a free play of air or to impoverish the soil with their roots. Such a garden is shown in the illustration. Here plants that would elsewhere be killed will pass unharmed through the winter, and here they will grow in summer with tropical luxuriance. It is only in such positions that the very early sowing of seeds is worth the trouble. In most gardens it is, in nine cases out of ten, mere waste of time to sow peas of any sort, whether sweet or edible, in November, or even in February, as is sometimes done. Being very slow to germinate at this season, they are long at the mercy of slugs, mice, and other pests, and if a fair number escape, the chances are that the plants will be ruined by frost. In the improbable event of success, the gain is very slight. The crop may be a few days earlier, but that is all.

This Year's Specialities

For the last month or more the seedsmen's catalogues have been pouring in. The novelties seem to be few and unimportant. Last year's sweet pea was undoubtedly "Henry Eckford," a magnificent orange, and none of this year's introductions is likely to surpass it. "King Edward VII." still remains the best crimson, "Queen Alexandra" the best scarlet, and "Dorothy Eckford" the best white. A novelty of a few years ago, *Nicotiana Sanderæ*, the red tobacco plant, has not found much favour, the red not being a very good shade. Some of the new hybrids, however, are a great improvement, and have a wide range of colour. A new cyclamen, "Victoria," is worth a trial. The petals are very prettily curled at their margins, and are white in colour, edged with red. Among the best of the additions to the vast number of cactus dahlias are "Clara G. Stredwick" and "Mikado," crimson. There are several new pinks, plants which have lately been growing in popularity. In the laced section, *Dianthus laciniatus* (brilliant violet) is very handsome. Among border plants a new variety of Chrysanthemum maximum, "Princess Henry," is certainly an improvement upon the old type, and should prove useful for cutting towards the end of summer. An annual introduced a few years ago, *Kochia scoparia*, deserves a place in the garden, for its foliage, not for its flowers. Growing two or three feet high, it resembles a miniature conifer, and makes an excellent pot plant, being especially striking in autumn, when it turns crimson. RUSTICUS.



Photo] **The Gardens at Hopetoun House, Wishaw** [*Reid*

Having a Southern aspect, and being sheltered by a hill and a screen of trees, this garden is in an ideal position. Under conditions such as these, plants which would otherwise be killed will pass unharmed through the winter, and in summer will grow with tropical luxuriance

Trying the New Rifle

Photo *Maull and Fox*

Lord Cheylesmore teaching his sons to shoot with the new War Office miniature rifle at Hughenden

Lord Cheylesmore is Chairman of the National Rifle Association, and last summer shot for the Peers' team in the Lords *v.* Commons match at Bisley. The new War Office miniature rifle, which is manufactured solely by the B.S.A. Co. at Coventry, is practically a miniature single-loading Lee-Enfield, with a ·22 calibre barrel. It is sighted up to 200 yards, and is capable of the best results from rifle practice at miniature distances

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

"Ibsen." By Haldane Macfall. (Grant Richards.)
"White Fang." By Jack London. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Kit's Woman." By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Alston Rivers.)
"Privy Seal." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"Through Savage Europe." By Harry de Windt (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

A Bishop on Modern Novels

It is no mean thing, nowadays, for a scribe to have his statements backed up by a bishop, and it was with some satisfaction that I read, almost simultaneously with the publication of my remarks in the issue of the 6th on the "Novelists' War on Wedlock," a sermon preached by the Bishop of Norwich, which drew practically the same conclusions. Of course, the right reverend critic took the professional view of the matter — he denounced the modern anti-nuptial novel in its moral connection where I had merely noted its literary aspect. Our facts, however, coincide. The Bishop, too, has noted that—

> Numbers of works of fiction are now being eagerly read by the affluent classes, by men and women, by young ladies, and even schoolgirls, which, but a few years ago, would have been banished from every respectable household as immoral and defiling.

The Bishop, of course, laid himself open to the reply of one of those strange products, a Carmelite House critic, who challenged the Bishop to give the names of the books thus analysed, and protested that in his own experience (!) "the modern novel was saner and healthier in sentiment than the novels of any period in English literature." I do not know the extent of the Carmelite critic's knowledge of English literature, or the exact nature of his views on health in sentiment. My own definite experience (which is easy enough to substantiate by names if anybody is tedious enough to labour the demand) is that the vast majority of modern novels, having the relations of the sexes as their theme, have been directed towards deliberate abuse of the matrimonial state, accompanied by deliberate excuse of adulterous affection. As to whether this be "moral" or "immoral," "healthy" or "unhealthy," I leave to the Bishop and his Carmelite critic, and to other moral and health experts to decide.

Photo *Haines*

A Literary Magistrate

Mr. H. G. Wells, the new J.P. for Folkestone

Whitewashing Ibsen

Mr. Haldane Macfall is to be congratulated on a very complete and a very interesting book on *Ibsen: The Man, His Art, and His Significance* (E. Grant Richards). Mr. Macfall is one of the "impressionist" biographers, and, as with Mr. Filson Young's "Columbus," his personal descriptions of the life of his subject are vivid and imaginative. Trite biographical methods are avoided. Instead of "Henrik Ibsen was born on the 20th of March, 1828," etc., we are informed that—

> Out of the long black night of winter came forth Henrik Ibsen blinking owl-like: out of the solemn gloom he came a brooding figure, tragic, unafraid; within his stern will a rending energy lurked that, when he gave it tongue, cracked, and rent the ground of untruth on which the generations had trod, etc.

This method, however—a little absurd in the case of a remote and obscure person like Columbus—is not out of place in a biography of Ibsen. After all, the world, in the case of the author of "Ghosts" and "Peer Gynt," is athirst not for facts, but for red-hot arguments. Ever since that hateful morrow of the production of "Ghosts" by the Independent Theatre in 1891, when Ibsen awoke to find all England viperish, venomous, at his throat, his work called "candid foulness," "putrid indecorum," "crapulous stuff," and himself an "egotist and a bungler," "a crazy fanatic," "a gloomy sort of ghoul," "a stupid old owl," etc., etc., there has been wanted some real word in his defence which should go further than Mr. Shaw's mildly protesting "Quintessence of Ibsenism." This Mr. Macfall essays to give, and with some success. He justifies the man Ibsen from the charge of hopeless pessimism and pruriency. Ibsen's *motif* in each play is shown with keen critical appreciation—how in each of them he strove to depict the conflict between idealism and realism in some different phase. Mr. Macfall's Ibsen is a great man, who left Norway and sat down in Rome to a life of

hatred—hatred for the submissiveness of his fellow-countrymen, hatred of hypocrisy, hatred, a thousand times intensified, of what is conventionally called "goodness." As to the precise debt to which the world (outside purely theatrical circles) owes to Ibsen for his volley of hatreds—as to how far art, philosophy, or morals, are the gainer, Mr. Macfall does not essay an opinion. He is content to reveal to us that Ibsen was a great man, and to show us why; and he has done his work exceedingly well. I must add a word of personal appreciation of the clever caricatures, by Mr. Joseph Simpson, of Ibsen (which Mr. Grant Richards permits me to reproduce on this page), Bjornson, and Bernard Shaw.

Mr. de Windt in the Balkans

Through Savage Europe is the catchy, but not very convincing, title of Mr. Harry de Windt's record of his tour through Montenegro, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and the Caucasus (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). It is a little discouraging to the "Christian" populations of the Balkans, after nearly thirty years of independence, to find themselves called "savage." Why, have not Belgrade, Sofia, and Bukharest the tram, the electric lamp, the paved street, the smart hotel, the theatre, and all the other trappings of civilisation? What though a dynasty is exterminated occasionally, a frontier raid fomented—are these not "politics," as practised by the highest of the Christian powers, if occasion demands? However, despite its title, the book is one of exceptional interest. Mr. de Windt's point of view is not that of the usual tourist. He has crossed Asia and Europe by land, ridden from Russia to India, explored Alaska and Siberia. The Balkans is the last place to have his attention, and, needless to say, he has novel and interesting things to say about those countries. He tells us about Montenegro, re-tells the story of the Servian assassination, chronicles his impressions of Macedonia in vivid and glowing terms, and altogether this is one of the most fascinating travel books that have appeared for a long time, being commendably free from that political propagandism which has been the bane of most of the recent books on the "trouble in the Balkans."

An Impression of Ibsen
By Joseph Simpson

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. E. Grant Richards from "Ibsen," by Haldane Macfall)

A Little Masterpiece

I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Havelock Ellis's latest sketch of Cornish village life, *Kit's Woman* (Alston Rivers). In its way, this is a little work of genius. Its appeal is direct; its moral teaching forcible, without a suggestion of cant. Briefly, it tells of a young and beautiful woman's devotion to a crippled husband. Though deprived, by his affliction, of the possibility of becoming a mother, she conceives it her duty to stick to her husband on grounds of duty, which, alas! are only too seldom emphasised in the modern novel. In the delightful Cornish dialect of the different characters is contained a mass of stringent philosophy on love and life which hits one with the force of novelty, as well as falling on the ear with the music, almost, of poetry.

A Clever Thing Done Twice

It is neither an easy, nor a very thankful task to perform a "fluke" twice, whether in acrobatics or in literature. Thus I am inclined to marvel that Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who did something decidedly clever in "The Fifth Queen"—an attempt to centre a realistic story round the life of one of Henry VIII.'s many wives—has tried to do it again in *Privy Seal*, which, in style and tenour, is almost identical with its predecessor. At the same time, just as with a clever conjuring trick done twice in succession, or a *bon mot* repeated, one chafes at the duplication, I must confess to a feeling of weariness in attempting again to be interested in Cromwell, Throckmorton, Katharine Howard, the Lady Mar, and Thomas Culpepper, after the peculiar manner in which they are shown by Mr. Hueffer. For the author has made his own a very distinctive style in historical novel-writing. He seeks to be exact in his conversational matter, and he tries by short, sharp phraseology to "symbolise," to infect you with the atmosphere of the times which were well enough applied to different periods, but is undeniably tedious when displayed in two successive novels of the same time, introducing practically the same people. Those, however, who did *not* read "The Fifth Queen" may find in *Privy Seal* the same freshness and originality of treatment which readers of the earlier volume found there. In this case "I bethink me they had better haste to 't right merrily," as one of Mr. Hueffer's antiques would put it. It is published by Mr. Alston Rivers (6*s.*)

"White Fang"

Those who like a thrilling and extremely sanguinary study of animal psychology, should read *White Fang*, by Mr. Jack London (Methuen: 6*s.*). In this story of the conversion from savagery to domestic gentility of a creature of "the wild," half-wolf, half-dog, the author is at his wildest. Blood is spilt page after page: blows, kicks, rippings-up, tearings, pouncings, and crunchings happen momentarily. It is calculated to convert into a flaming savage the gentlest of souls. It would stir the blood of a Baptist Minister, raise the hair of a haberdasher. Read it. *White Fang*. Jack London. Emotional Insanity is nothing to it.

V. C.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours"

The battle of the courses which has been raging among the members of the St. George's Golf Club for the past three years, with a good deal of feeling between advocates and opponents of change, seems likely at last to be brought to a definite conclusion. Ever since the melancholy farce of the St. George's Vase Competition in 1904, and the Open Championship of the same year, it has been admitted by most golfers familiar with the facts that some change was imperatively necessary. But while it is easy to say "a change must be made," it is one of the most difficult things in the world to get the members of a great club to agree upon the actual change which shall be made. This difficulty is much aggravated when a change has to be made in a course which has, by dint of various great competitions, such as Championships *et hoc genus omne* having been played over it, become historic. Golfers are very conservative by nature, and it is extremely difficult to get a body of them to try a change of course when they have become accustomed to a certain set of holes on a favourite links. The course of events at Sandwich has strongly exemplified this innate conservatism, as will be seen when I relate what has happened. Soon after the Championships of 1904, the St. George's Committee set to work to plan an alteration in the course which should remedy the defects of some of the present holes. The main defect existed in the outgoing half, in which there were too many holes which could be reached from the tee, thus causing congestion during a big competition. Besides the Committee's plan, there was another devised by a member of the Club, and I think a good many of us were mightily puzzled by the various circulars and maps which were submitted to us. Finally, however, the Committee's plan went through, and they were authorised to lay out the new holes necessitated by their proposal.

The Old and New Courses at Sandwich

Nothing, however, was definitely settled, and meantime the old course continued to be used. I believe that some idea prevailed that the new and the old course should both be kept up, and that the Committee should decide from time to time which course should be played. But, although the new holes were made with a good deal of labour and expense, they have never been regularly used. Ardent spirits have, no doubt, tried the new course, but the general body of members preferred to adhere to their old favourite. Having never played over these new holes, I can offer no opinion as to their merits. But a very fine player, by whose opinion I set great store, told me that he did not think them good, and that he infinitely preferred the old course. "*Festina lente*" is a good motto when changes in a course are proposed, and the value of it has been conclusively proved in this case. Following the time-honoured method, which has saved the poor old British Constitution in many a severe political struggle, the Committee are now proposing a compromise, which, on paper at any rate, looks to me likely to prove acceptable to all sections of members as being the wisest and safest solution of the problem confronting the Club. The Committee have definitely abandoned any idea of a radical change, and have fallen back on a scheme of lengthening the existing course on its present lines, which has for some time been finding growing favour with many players as the best method of procedure and the line of least resistance.

The Lengths of the Holes

I will take the lengths of the holes on the old Champion course, and compare them with those now proposed by the Committee. Whereas at present the disparity between the outgoing and incoming holes is 607 yards, by the new proposal it is reduced to 397 yards, the second half still remaining the longer of the two. The first hole is lengthened from 366 yards to 540, the first tee being near the entrance to the Club enclosure. The third hole is, for some reason I do not at present know, to be shortened some 60 yards by bringing the tee forward. The fifth hole is lengthened 80 yards by placing the green on the strath, and the seventh hole has 42 yards added to it by the hole being placed at the extreme end of the green. The first important change occurs at the ninth hole, where the direction is slightly changed to the left, and some 90 yards' added length is got by this means. To the tenth hole 50 yards are added. Thence onward, the holes remain unchanged till we reach the sixteenth, which will be entirely different, the tee being to the right of the fifteenth green, and the proposed length being 180 yards instead of the present 300; the new green being considerably to the right of the old one, which is to be occupied by the ninth hole, so far as I can make out. This change in the sixteenth hole necessitates a corresponding change in the seventeenth, the tee for which will lie to the right of the new sixteenth green, the length of the new hole being 420 yards, as against the 346 yards of the old seventeenth. The old seventeenth green will still be utilised, but will be approached from the right flank. The revised course will be 6,521 yards in total length as against the 6,143 yards of the old, an increase in length of 378 yards.

It is to hoped that, at the forthcoming meeting of the Club, some definite decision may be reached, and that this vexed question may finally be settled.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Games and Pastimes

Rugby Football Notes

Saturday was quite a red-letter day in the history of Midland Rugby club football, for Leicester beat the hitherto invincible Swansea team by 2 penalty goals and 2 tries to a penalty goal (there is rather a suspicious amount of "penalty" about this result, by the way); Coventry drew with Devonport Albion (no score); and Northampton beat Oxford by 2 goals and a try to a goal. In the London district, perhaps the most important game was Blackheath *v.* Cambridge at Blackheath. Here the "Club" delighted its supporters by winning in great style by a goal and 3 tries to nothing. The side included behind the scrum Mainprice, Robinson, and B. Maclear (the Irish Internationals), and McEvedy; and as the forwards were superior to the Cambridge eight, the backs got plenty of chances, particularly in the first half, when the wind favoured them. After the conspicuous failure of Jago and Peters against Ireland, Mainprice ought certainly to be given a place at half-back in the English team against Scotland, and his partner ought to be Stoop, for the simple reason that he is a real genius and capable of great things, though he does not always achieve them. On Saturday Stoop contributed largely to the big score of 7 goals and 3 tries run up by the Harlequins against the Nomads; and another match in which a half-back figured very prominently was London Scottish *v.* Richmond, the half-back in question being, it is almost needless to say, P. Munro, whose play throughout the whole of the match was positively delightful to watch. Not only had he a hand in nearly all the attacks, but his marvellous power of perceiving intuitively what the other side are going to do with the ball when they get it renders him quite as useful in defence. The Scottish, with the wind in their favour, scored twice in the first eight minutes, and always had the match safe, though in the second half Richmond, mainly through the dogged perseverance of their forwards, scored a penalty goal and a try. The Scottish total was 4 goals and 3 tries.

The Corinthians beat Notts County 4—1

The Corinthians scored quite a dazzling victory over Notts County at Queen's. They were very nearly at their strongest, and with S. S. Harris playing quite in his old form, and J. K. Guy, their latest acquisition, more than ever on the spot, the forward play was well up to Corinthian pitch; while Timmis at back fairly broke the hearts of the opposing inside forwards. All the scoring was done in the first half, and two of the Corinthians' four goals were kicked by S. S. Harris in the first five minutes; but in the second half several good shots were only kept out with difficulty. The pro's were unlucky in losing Mainman quite early, but another man was allowed to come on in his place.

The Late Miss Muriel Robb

If there is any doubt as to whether the name of Miss Robb, whose sad death at the early age of twenty-eight occurred last week, is entitled to a place on the roll of great lawn-tennis players, it can only be because she virtually retired from the lists so soon after achieving greatness, and while there was yet no telling whether she had reached the limit of her powers. For it happened that the year 1902, in which she won the All-England Championship, beating, amongst others, Miss Douglass (the present Champion) and Mrs. Sterry (four times Champion), was also the last in which she played regularly. In 1903 she resigned the Championship, and thereafter little more was seen of her in public competition, so that her career, from the time that she rose to the rank of a first-rate player in 1898, was quite a short one. But during those few years she won each of the other National Championships (Wales, Scotland, and Ireland), and also the All-England Mixed Championship, with C. H. L. Cazalet, in 1899, and the All-England Doubles Championship, with Mrs. Pickering, for three

NEXT WEEK (Feb. 27).—Our Second Sporting Supplement—
"THE WATERLOO CUP: THE FAVOURITE WINS."
AN ORDER AT ONCE IS ADVISED.

The Blackheath v. Cambridge Match at Blackheath: Cambridge passing

Blackheath won the match by a goal and 3 tries to nil, largely owing to the superiority of their forwards

W. A. Lovejoy, with his famous anchor cannon, beating his previous record break of 603 by one

Formerly the Amateur Champion, W. A. Lovejoy has only recently joined the ranks of professionals, and his pet stroke has at once raised him to a point of enviable notoriety

consecutive years (1900-1902), besides several of the big County and District Challenge Cups. As a player, Miss Robb excelled at one particular stroke—the forehand drive—and, in her case, it was indeed a drive. I have seen no woman, not even the redoubtable Miss Sutton, hit the ball harder than Miss Robb when she was in the vein. Her backhand stroke, though fairly sure, was by comparison somewhat weak, and, as she seldom volleyed, she sometimes suffered, in common with other one-stroke players, from the temporary breakdown of her one stroke. But in her last (and best) year she had begun to pay more attention to volleying, and it was by a well-timed advance to the net now and again that she got the better of Mrs. Sterry at Wimbledon. This is what causes me to think that even then she had not reached her zenith, and that by her early retirement the game lost, and has now lost irrevocably, one of its very greatest, as well as one of its most admired and charming, adherents.

L'Amende Cordiale

An error in my comments on the Scotland *v.* Wales Rugby match has been pointed out to me by Mr. J. M. Rutherford, an eye-witness thereof. I was wrong in stating that Scotland did not commence to score until Wales were a man short; for, as he points out, the score was 3 points all when Winfield went off. I knew this (or thought I knew it), and I also know what I meant to say, and what made me go wrong. But what's the use of that, seeing that I *did* go wrong? I prefer simply to thank my correspondent for his courtesy in describing my blunder as "a slight inaccuracy," and to assure him that I entirely concur in the eulogy which he has bestowed upon his countrymen, of whose victory he is justly proud.

Ladies' Hockey: North v. South

The North *v.* South ladies' hockey match at Richmond last Wednesday was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the result—a draw of 3 goals all—was mainly brought about by the skill with which Miss Johnson defended the North's goal. For the South had really the better of the game, and with a less able goalkeeper to beat would, probably, have doubled their score. Although goal-getting is usually a combined operation, the credit of which belongs to several people, it is worth recording that two players, Miss Henderson for the North, and Miss K. Rodger for the South, hit all three goals for their respective sides.

Lovejoy's "Anchor"

I am always pleased when a record of any kind is made at billiards, because (whether I am lucky enough to see it done or not) I can be quite positive that a certain number of heroes will bravely rush into print with parodies of our dear and much-parodied old friend, "Break, Break, Break," under the fond impression that they are doing something startling and original, which is really quite delightfully funny in itself—no matter what their verses are like. The interesting thing, however, about W. A. Lovejoy's marvellous proficiency at the "anchor" stroke is that he appears to have designed and patented it, so to speak, at the correct psychological moment. Formerly Amateur Champion, he has only lately joined the ranks of the professionals, and his pet stroke has at once raised him to a position of enviable notoriety, so much so that people are wondering whether the "anchor" won't have to be added eventually to the list of strokes that are barred.

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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. . It is said about clothes that they reach their highest point of effectiveness when they best conceal the bad points of the wearer's figure, and most fully suggest those points which are good. The Tailoring which produces clothes of that character is not by any means a rule-of-thumb affair. Rightly speaking, it has no rules. It is a matter of individual careful attention to each detail of each particular case . . a matter of understanding just what is wanted to be done, and doing it well.

. . Unbound, save by such of the broader rules of conventionality as are positively necessary, such Tailoring is its own rule. It realises that there can be nothing certain where such disparity exists between one figure and another, and properly comprehending that fact, it successfully combines REASON with HANDICRAFT.

. . In Mr. Bult's work there are to be found characteristics which make it plain that he has properly grasped the essentials of Good Tailoring, and that he spares no thought or effort in the direction of producing clothes which are effective in the best sense of that term.

"The SUNDAY TIMES" refers to Mr. John J. M. Bult as "A tailor whose style is beyond reproach, and whose work is perfectly satisfactory down to the smallest detail, but whose charges, nevertheless, remain consistently moderate."

The following prices will give a good idea of the general charges: Dress Suit (Silk-lined) from 84/-; Frock Coat and Vest from 63/-; Lounge Suit (Tweed, Serge, etc.) from 55/-. Patterns, Illustrated Price List (and Self-measurement Form if desired), will be sent Post Free on application.

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NURSERYMEN AND SEED MERCHANTS, WORCESTER.

FRUIT 80 Acres of Saleable Trees. | **SEEDS** The best procurable. *Lists free.*

ROSES Hundreds of Thousands. Bushes in variety.
7/6 per doz. 50/- per 100.

All other Nursery Stock Carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS. Ornamental Trees (91 Acres). A superb collection of Herbaceous Plants. 4 Acres of Glass. Clematis and other climbers in pots.

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YOU CANNOT SECURE THE METROSTYLE IN ANY INSTRUMENT

other than the Pianola and the Pianola Piano.

THE great musical value and intense interest of the Metrostyle is that it enables anyone to play the whole or any part of a composition exactly according to actual interpretations provided by Paderewski, Grieg, Chaminade, etc. They and many other famous Musicians recognise that the Pianola is in the highest degree responsive to the markings they have made on the music-rolls indicating their actual performances.

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PIANOLA PIANO

Is the Highest Development of Modern Piano Construction,

Being a combination of one of the world's leading Pianos with the very best of all Piano-players, the Pianola with the Metrostyle. It can be played by hand in the ordinary way, and anyone can play it by means of music-rolls.

The Pianola Piano is made in several models.

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All of which can be seen and played by anyone who cares to call.

Your present Piano will be taken in part exchange.

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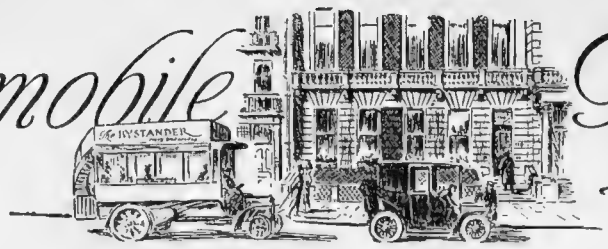
Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The "A.A." Dinner

The Grand Hall at the Hotel Cecil had even its enormous accommodation taxed to the utmost when, last Tuesday, about 500 members and friends of the Automobile Association sat down to the second annual banquet—and a gargantuan spread it was—under the chairmanship of its urbane and jovial "boss," Col. W. J. Bosworth. Nearly all the leading lights in the manufacturing world of automobilism seemed to be present, while the chairman was supported by Sir A. J. Macdonald, Bart., in the vice-chair, the Marquis of Ailsa, Earl Russell, Lord Montagu, and Lord Denman among others. Mr. Charles Jarrott, to whose initiative, as we were reminded by the chairman, by originally placing a handful of patrols along the Brighton Road, the A.A. owes its birth, made a felicitous speech, and Mr. Massac Buist, whose motor notes in the *Morning Post* are such a feature in that admirable journal, responded for the Press in a few charming and well-chosen words. Mr. S. F. Edge, Mr. Harvey du Cros, Mr. D'Arcy Baker, Mr. Percy Richardson, Mr. Chas. Friswell, and Mr. F. C. Baisley, the cheery manager of the Gladiator Company, are but to enumerate a few of the prominent persons assembled.

Car-icature—No. XIV.: Col. W. J. Bosworth

The Chairman of the Automobile Association. He is the Principal of the Military College, Roehampton, and is keenly interested in the use of the car for military purposes

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

The "A.A.'s" Progress

Colonel Bosworth, in the course of his interesting remarks, stated that while a year ago the A.A. only numbered about 300 members, to-day they had reached the respectable total of nearly 3,000. During the year they had covered England with agents of the Association, whose assistance was invaluable to motorists on tour, had prosecuted wilful obstructionists on the public roads, had set up signs at the ends of villages, and were also making arrangements for legal assistance for those unfortunate enough to require it. But the motoring public have mostly to bless the A.A. for the efforts it has made, and which have succeeded to a very large extent, in doing away with the iniquitous police trap. By its consistent patrol of the main highways, the agents of the A.A. have practically rendered traps laid by the police futile.

* * *

A Public Benefit

I know that some people regard the attempts to put motorists on their guard as subverting law and order; and only a few months ago an agent of the Association underwent a criminal trial on the charge of hindering the police from catching malefactors—such at least was the gist of the charge, though it was worded differently. But anyone believing that the A.A. came into existence in order to assist motorists to defy the laws is under an entirely erroneous impression. The police themselves now are fast recognising that the Association is able to suppress the road-hog much more effectively than they can by merely getting a fine imposed, which the aforesaid road-hog probably cares not one jot for. In fact, the police have begun to apply to the Association for assistance in maintaining order, for the A.A. warn motorists if they are exceeding the speed-limit quite irrespective of their being a member of the Association. The A.A. exists largely to prevent motorists breaking the laws, while police traps only existed in order to fleece them, being set mostly in spots where houses and people were conspicuous by their absence. Which method is of the greater service to the public—I mean the non-motoring public—I need scarcely point out.

* * *

A Removal of the Speed-Limit

Of course, before long the functions of the A.A. as regards the prevention of exceeding the twenty-mile-an-hour speed-limit will pass; for, though the King's Speech says nothing on the subject of a new Bill, it is undoubted that motoring has passed well through its trial, and that when Parliament discusses the matter again the limit will be removed, except through towns and villages. On the other hand, the problem of the highways will have to be carefully gone into. Engines

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Absolutely unique in their qualities

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

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4/9 per 100

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OF ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

The "LANCET" Reports:

"Are leaf and nothing but leaf, uninjured or soiled by mechanical treatment. Due hygienic precautions are observed during their manufacture."

Manufactured in LONDON by the ARDATH TOBACCO CO., Worship Street, E.C.

THE VALUE OF LEATHER IN MOTOR CLOTHING.

ALL sorts of clothing are advocated by all sorts of people for wet-weather motoring. But it is a fact, and motorists are agreed on the point, that good leather is the only material which is absolutely impervious to wind and rain. But there are two kinds of leather, the heavy, stiff, uncomfortable kind and the soft, easy-fitting, and pliable kind. DRYKITT leather clothing is made of the latter. Selected from amongst the best hides procurable, and tanned under a special process, DRYKITT leather forms the ideal material for making up into motor clothing. DRYKITT, Ltd., will send by return their full illustrated catalogue on receipt of postcard.

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GENTLEMEN'S FRIEZE COATS,
Lined Camel Hair .. **£5 5 0**
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LADIES' LEATHER COATS in Green, Tan, or Blue Leather, lined Camel Hair .. from **£8 8 0**

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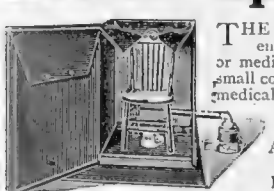
Telephone: 3849 Paddington. *Telegrams:* "Drykitt, London."

Break up that cold



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Mrs. E. H. Wood, of 21, Newboro' Avenue, Liverpool, writes:—

"You will be pleased to know how much I have benefited by the use of the Cabinet. My system was in a low condition when I first received it, but it has acted as a real tonic, and I feel quite a different person. I had occasion to try it after taking cold, and was astonished at the suddenness of the cure. The Cabinet cannot be praised too highly."

With this Cabinet there is no cumbersome furniture, it can be folded up and put away when not in use; over 30,000 already sold. Every home should possess a Bath Cabinet. Write for Booklet No. 467, which contains full information of the great value of this Bath Cabinet, and which is sent on 30 days' trial.

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FINE GOLF LINKS.

5½ hours from Paris. Bracing climate, 1,100 feet above sea level.
GOOD SANITATION. MAGNIFICENT PARK.
Twelve Hotels, for all purses and all tastes. Casino and good Theatrical Companies. Pretty wooded country. Interesting Excursions. English Physician and Church. Racecourse, Tennis, English Croquet, Bowls, Archery, Pigeon-shooting, etc.

Particulars from Direction Soc. des Eaux de Vittel (Vosges).

Inspector Jarrett—Defendant: Snapshots at the Reigate Police Court

In the left-hand photograph is standing Mr. Stapley Firth, the well-known solicitor in motor cases, and in the centre of the right-hand picture, with his hat in his hand, is the plaintiff. The case against Inspector Jarrett was dismissed

tearing along ill-laid country roads at express-train speed are a terrifying prospect, and yet something must be done to cope with the demands of mechanical locomotion, which undoubtedly has come to stay. I believe the solution will be found in building motor-tracks alongside the existing highways in the open country, such tracks only to be used for fast mechanically propelled vehicles. The roads, as heretofore, would be at the disposal of carts and wagons, etc. These tracks would join the high roads on entering villages and towns, so that a great deal of the expense of building a road through valuable property would be avoided. The expense of acquiring the necessary land and laying out the tracks would be raised by a loan guaranteed by the Local Government Board, the interest being paid by an increased tax on cars. If this does not appeal as sound finance, then the revenue raised by licensing cars (on a graduating scale, according to horse-power or weight) would be gradually allotted by a central authority to laying out these tracks as funds accumulated. Until something like this is done, the public will groan under the inconvenience of motors on country roads quite unfitted for them, ratepayers will rail at the growing road expenditure, and motorists themselves will lament the wretched and disgraceful state of our main thoroughfares.

* * *

The Late M. Leon Serpollet

The death of M. Leon Serpollet has removed from our midst a pioneer in the motor industry whose genius in the cause of automobilism can only be compared to that of Stephenson to the locomotive. Serpollet turned a crude tubeless boiler, heavy cylinder, and dangerous furnace into a simple combination. Few people, indeed, seem to realise the tremendous advance (as the *New York Herald* reminds me) made since the days, not so long ago, of the plain steel boiler, the blazing fire, and the constant halts for water; and it was M. Serpollet who attacked these problems and brought the steam car to its present state.

* * *

The Problem of the Motor-'Bus

Of late M. Serpollet was engaged in solving the problem of the motor-'bus. In the opinion of many experts steam is the only solution of the motor-'bus. No one can honestly watch the noisy, jangling box of tricks which turn our streets into a hellish pandemonium of sound, and say that this nerve-destroying and unreliable class of vehicle is destined to last. No. For light, fast work the internal combustion engine is on top; for heavy work it cannot compare with steam. To produce a vehicle that could carry heavy loads at a good speed, and was at once supple, silent, and economical, was M. Serpollet's ambition, and before his death he had largely accomplished his work by producing an engine and boiler which are considered marvels of science. In combination with M. Darracq, M. Charley, and other capitalists, the Darracq-Serpollet Company was founded, and from the commencement not only was there a rush for holdings, but the orders it has received have been something very remarkable. The death of M. Serpollet is a heavy loss to the industry.

* * *

To Readers at Home and Abroad

A reader of this paper from India wrote to me the other day asking for advice respecting the purchase of a car, which has been sent him privately. I take this opportunity of mentioning to any of my readers at home or abroad that we shall always be pleased to assist them in the selection and purchase of a car. We are also willing at any time to assist our readers in obtaining second-hand cars, and seeing that they are forwarded. The only charge we should make would be our out-of-pocket expenses.

MORGAN & CO., Ltd.,

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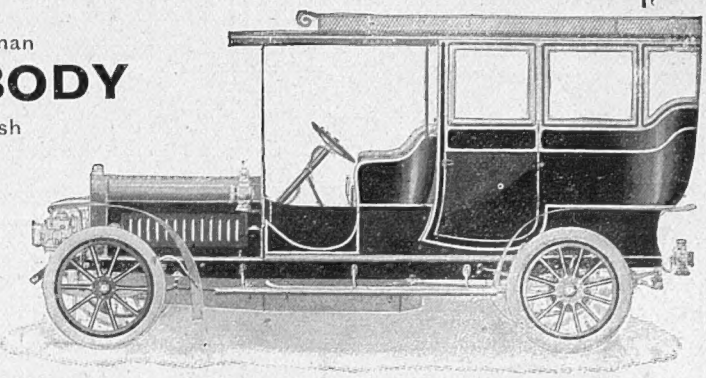
SPECIALITY.—Highest-class Open and Covered BODIES for all makes of Chassis.

REPAIRS undertaken to any kind of Motor.



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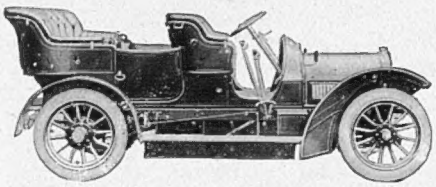

30-h.p. Beeston Humber, £525.

Humber, Limited, beg to announce that a full range of their latest models can be seen at their Depôts,

HOLBORN CIRCUS, E.C., and 60-64, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

FREE TRIAL RUNS ARRANGED.

Immediate Delivery can be given of the following.

Two 15-h.p. Coventry Humbers.
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EARLY DELIVERY OF OTHER MODELS.

DOWN TO THE VERY SMALLEST DETAIL you'll find SUPERB WORKMANSHIP in the

TRANSVAAL HILL-CLIMB. GLADIATOR FIRST. Gold Medal.

GLADIATOR

"A more comfortable car it is hard to imagine."
—*Motoring Illustrated, 2/2/07.*

This perfection of construction renders the Gladiator a stranger to the repair shop. It is an easy car to control, and gives big mileage on small petrol consumption.

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8-9, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Telegrams: "Gladihood, London." *Telephone: 1334 Gerrard.*

"CONTINENTAL"

RED RUBBER NON-SKID STEEL-ARMOURED

Mr. CHARLES JARROTT writes, on January 28th, 1907:—

"I have been using 'Continentals' ever since my Monte Carlo run—when they behaved so splendidly—and have never had such excellent results before."

CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Gt. Brit.), LTD., 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

PAUL BRODTMANN, *Managing Director.*

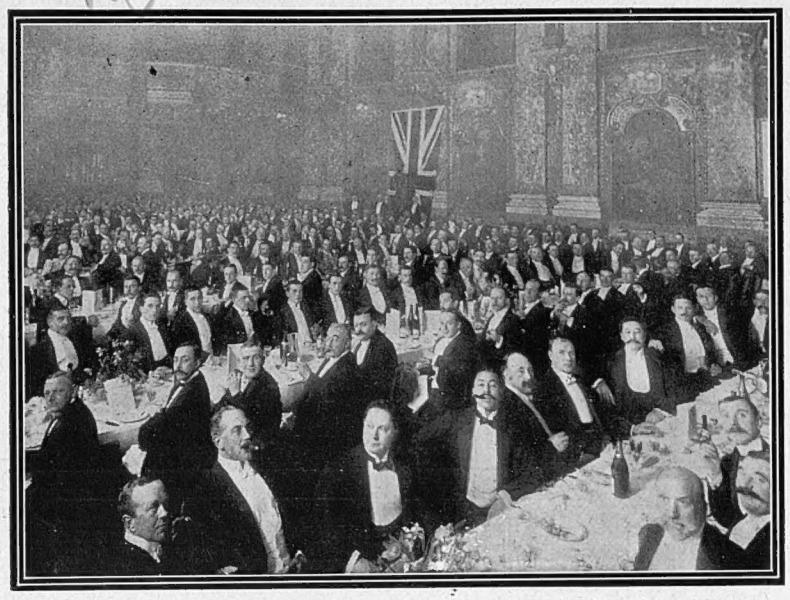


Photo *Fradelle and Young*

The Dinner of the Automobile Association at the Hotel Cecil

Nearly five hundred people sat down to this dinner. Its membership now amounts to three thousand, whereas a year ago it was but three hundred

Colonel W. J. Bosworth

It is not too much to say that the remarkable growth in usefulness of the Automobile Association has been fostered mainly by the assiduous attention of Col. W. J. Bosworth, its first and present Chairman — a keen and enthusiastic motorist since the pastime became a sport. Col. Bosworth conceived the idea of checking, in some measure, the rapacity and mendacity of certain men in the County and Borough police forces, who worked on the principle that the conviction of an alleged offender under the Motor Cars Act was a straight and short road to promotion. The Automobile Association was, therefore, formed in 1905, its primary functions being to place patrol cyclist scouts on those main roads in which police persecution of motorists was most notorious, in order to give notice and warning to all who chanced along. Colonel Bosworth, however, besides being a motorist, is the founder and principal of the Roehampton Military College. He was educated at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School and at Caius and Downing Colleges, Cambridge. During the South African War he commanded the 2nd Provisional Battalion, Aldershot. As a soldier and a motorist he is naturally keenly interested in the use of the car for military purposes. Most motorists have paid a visit to his beautiful residence at Cedar Court, Roehampton, which is so frequently the scene of motoring functions of a social nature.

DOUGLAS MILLER.

Apropos of my remarks a fortnight ago on Borneo Spirit, the proprietors of Pratt's Motor Spirit draw my attention to their "Anglo 760," which is 1½*d.* a gallon less than Pratt's.

Miscellanea

At the Automobile Association Dinner, Colonel Bosworth, the chairman, had a telephone laid on, and was busily engaged in talking through it.

Whether he was learning of police traps, or only talking to Mr. Stenson Cooke, the able A.A.'s secretary, is a matter for surmise.

Certain that, though Mr. Stenson Cooke was at the banquet, he was seated something like a quarter of a mile away from his chief.

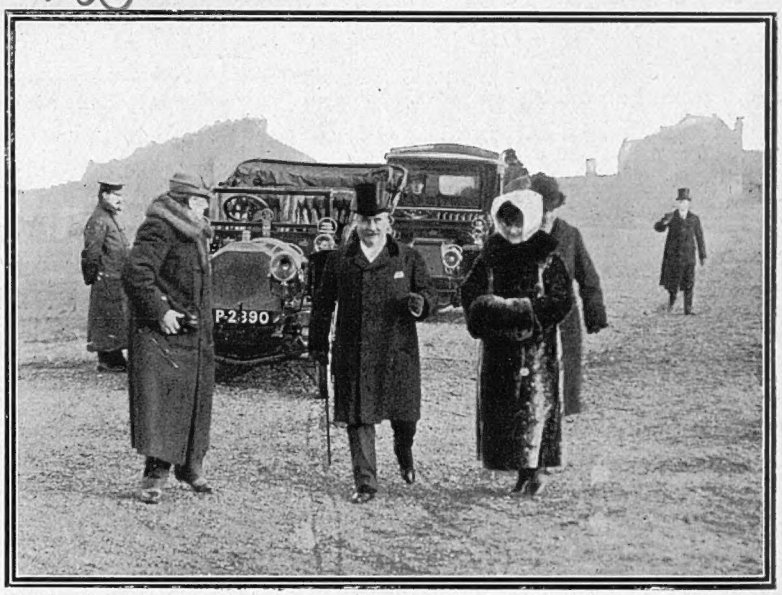
Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the Queen of New York Society, has ordered a six-cylinder Rolls-Royce car.

Amongst recent purchasers of Daimler cars are the Marquis of Zetland, the Right Hon. James Bryce, Lady Inverclyde, and Sir Henry Ballantyne; also the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharaja Dhalpus.

* * *

TO RHODESIA BY THE "BIOSCOPE"

Last Tuesday, the British South Africa Company, which by its able and progressive management is exciting much attention just now, issued invitations for a Bioscope display at the Palace Theatre. The Bioscope pictures showed how wonderfully the Company is developing Rhodesia, and among the pictures was a most interesting series showing the laying of a span of one of their bridges over the Zambesi. Another marvellous series showed the Victoria Falls, and others demonstrated the advance the country is making in its industries, but perhaps the most interesting of all was a series which showed a mile of railroad track being laid in sixty minutes, a world's record. The way in which the thousands of coolies were rushing hither and thither like bees, and the rapidity with which the track was laid down was little short of a miracle. Rhodesia, with its growing mineral output and its excellent climate, is well worth consideration by any intending emigrants, while sportsmen, as demonstrated by the Bioscope pictures, and visitors will find plenty of enjoyment in a country that is not as yet a hackeyed resort.



Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous singer, going to cut the first sod of the new works of the Gramophone Company

The works, situated at Hayes, Middlesex, will cover eleven acres of ground, and The Gramophone and Typewriter, Ltd., have shown great discretion in the choice of the site, which is only half an hour from London by rail, and occupies a position closely adjacent, on the south, to the Great Western Railway, where they will have a siding. On the north is the canal, where a cutting will be made for dealing with their freight. The party at the ceremony included Mr. Trevor Williams, the Chairman of the Company, Mr. De La Rue, one of the Directors, and many others. Mr. Edward Lloyd had, for the time being, graciously consented to step from his retirement at Worthing, and performed the ceremony with a very handsome silver spade, which was later presented to him

"Fellowship among men is nowhere more harmonious than among smokers, since the weed seldom fails to create an atmosphere of the greatest peace and goodwill."

In order to get all the comfort, satisfaction, and hearty pleasure that tobacco can give, smoke

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"Gold Bond"

Mixture.

It contains to perfection that sweet, delicious flavour, that free even burn which all smokers delight in. Try "Gold Bond" Mixture To-day.

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GOLD BOND CIGARETTES. The Cigarette with the indefinable charm.

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QUALITY and UNIFORMITY UNCHANGED

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"ARGYLL" MOTOR CARS

"The Light Touch of a Gentle Lady"

will drive an "Argyll" car. Everything is simplicity, everything is "just there"; the driver has only to look ahead.

The "Argyll" car, made in the world's greatest engineering centre, is a masterpiece of modern scientific production.

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LONDON AGENTS: Argylls London Ltd., 17, Newman Street, W.

FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

It has frequently been given to me to reflect how much of the modistic detail poured out through these columns each week is really remembered. Owning, most unfortunately for myself, a tender conscience, few things annoy me more than to find that I have—always inadvertently, believe me—either repeated or contradicted myself. Of the two, the latter is preferable, as sometimes *La Mode* makes a *volte face*, and a faithful fashion chronicler can but prance dutifully in her wake, relating of her doings and offerings such criticism as may seem needed, all of which is the outcome of

Metal Embroidery

Now I have a very distinct recollection of predicting the value of this adornment some months back, although I was then, far from realising the height of popularity it has already attained. In the cause of the Court train, the rôle it is destined to play will be exceptionally large, although in many instances scarcely distinguishable from heavy silk stitchery, save, of course, to the touch. Bolder effects, however, are more easily arrived at through the metal medium, which runs through all the delicate pastel shades, together with old silver and gold. We have never, so far as I can find out, had anything quite like it, the nearest approach being old bullion work.

Apropos of Court trains, it is with the utmost interest and delight I perceive a determined break in the dull monotony of things. A few hands have hitherto held the market in this regard, and wielded a power altogether at variance with the results produced. But "we are going to change all that," as the dear old Amateur Socialist said; and, although in no sort to be confounded with the unrecognised many, the house of Redfern decided early in the year to create a small furore with their Court trains. Acting on this inspiration, they have certainly created a precedence in providing a choice of designs, a dozen or more standing at the moment, although this collection will doubtless be augmented as time goes on.

As was readily to be surmised, they have laid a particular emphasis on the First Empire period, and are inaugurating a perfectly flat train of velvet tapering off gracefully at the top, that the least well versed in modistic history will easily place at the shrine of the beautiful Josephine. In delicate old rose velvet—not the recognised *vieux* rose, but a curious, rather faded shade that will verily enchant the artist's eye—this, at the Maison Redfern, was embroidered in tiny laurel wreaths of silver, united by true-lovers' knots in *dimanté*.

A modern phase of a classic coiffure

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Then another highly original conception, comprised a train of apricot velvet, worked over in a conventional Egyptian design of dull-blue satin *appliqué*, heavily embroidered with the ubiquitous metal. Nothing more beautiful could be imagined than the blending of these colours; but, of course, the departure was immensely daring. Redfern, also, is employing quite an appreciable amount of metal tissue, in gold and silver, on his Court confections, a favourite method providing a deep hem around all. On a white satin train, destined for a *débutante*, some charmingly displayed Bruxelles *appliqué* lace flounces veiled a deep hem of silver tissue, and were surmounted by the lightest, most realistic trails of lily of the valley and foliage. And for a matron, a Renaissance model stands forth conspicuously, expressed in grey *crêpe-de-chine*, heavily embroidered in silver, touches of dull gold and pearls round and about applications of filmy white Chantilly lace, this proving a notable instance of the metal work referred to above.

Although only personally interesting to the few, the general glamour shed by these regal Court